

LOVE'S BARRIER." New Serial by ANNIE S. SWAN.
November, 1909. FIRST NUMBER OF NEW VOLUME. Price 6d.

THE QUIVER



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THE MOST EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR

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for PRESERVING your
SKIN and COMPLEXION
from the effects of Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water

"Lait BEETHAM'S"
Reg'd **Larola**

IS UNEQUALLED! It entirely removes all
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c.,
and keeps THE SKIN Soft, Smooth & White

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
Bottles, 1s., 2s., 6d., at all Chemists & Stores.
M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham.



FREE. We have told you already how
Mellin's Food is starch-free, how it
nourishes a baby from birth, how,
when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for
mother's milk. Now we will send you a free sample
bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will cut out the top half of
the print of bottle in this advertisement and forward
same to us, mentioning this publication.

Mellin's Food



By means of

Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants
generally find in digesting
cow's milk alone is entirely
overcome.

Either of the following:—

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96
pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of
infants from birth,

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages,
treating of the care of infants during and after
weaning, with recipes for simple diets,

will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young
infants on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS,**
PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED!

If your house is not protected with "KYL-FYRE," do not delay a moment longer.
The Expenditure of a Few Shillings may save Thousands of Pounds
and possibly your most prized possessions which no money can replace.

"KYL-FYRE" THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER

HAS PROVED ITS ABSOLUTE RELIABILITY.

PRICE ONLY 5/- EACH.

For Full Particulars and Testimonials apply "Kyl-Fyre," Ltd., Eastbourne.



THE QUIVER

"My soup is
my fortune,
kind sir"

—she said



EDWARDS' DESSICATED SOUP

GRAND FOR HASHES, STEWS, RAGOÛTS, & SOUPS.

LOW FIXED CHARGES

Postage paid one way

DRESSES Dry Cleaned 4/-ea.
BLOUSES " 1/3ea
GLOVES " 2/-per pair



CLARK
Established
111 Years
The
Cleaners & Co.

34 HALLCROFT RD. RETFORD.

WHEN SEEDY

the most reasonable plan is to have recourse to the most reliable and popular of pick-me-ups—BEECHAM'S PILLS. These pills supply the very force you are in need of, when you are in that run-down depressed condition which has been termed "seedy." They give energy, tone, clearness of brain, and cheerfulness by removing impurities from the system and making the digestive organs healthy and active. If you are feeling listless and out-of-sorts you cannot possibly do better than

SEND FOR

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills)
and 2/9 (168 pills).

Flannelette.

If purchasers of this useful material for underwear all the year round would buy the best English make, which can be obtained from all leading Drapers, they would avoid the risks they undoubtedly run with the inferior qualities of Flannelette.

Horrockses' Flannelettes

(made by the manufacturers of the celebrated Longcloths, Twills and Sheetings)
are the best.

"HORROCKSES" stamped on selvedge every 5 yards.

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.



Fry's **PURE**
CONCENTRATED
Cocoa

**300 Grands Prix,
Gold Medals, &c.**

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa contains the very ingredients necessary for promoting the full development of the growing Child; restores the wasted tissues of the Athlete, and is the Typical Food for the Invalid and for those whose digestive organs are weak.

"Has Won More Awards Than Any Other."

**Makers to H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, and
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
And to the People for nearly 200 years.**

A tempting and seasonable
delicacy for
Afternoon Tea
or Dessert-



Macfarlane
Lang & Co's
"FORFAR"
Shortbread

Genuine
Scotch Shortbread
rich, crisp and
delicious-in
dainty finger shape

Free sample upon application

Victoria Biscuit Works, Glasgow.

Imperial Biscuit Works, London, S.W.

THE NATURAL RIGHT OF THE ENGLISH WOMAN.

HOW TO OBTAIN A FREE TRIAL OUTFIT CONTAINING FULL INSTRUCTIONS TOGETHER WITH A SUPPLY OF HARLENE AND CREMEX, FOR BRINGING THE SCALP INTO HEALTHY CONDITION, AND THUS PROMOTING A VIGOROUS GROWTH OF BEAUTIFUL GLOSSY HAIR.

Look in Your Glass and Ask Yourself Whether You Would Not Like to Make Your Hair Grow in Greater Beauty and Luxuriance—Then Send for this Free Outfit, which will Enable You to Do It.

Englishwomen and English girls can possess by natural right the most beautiful hair in the world.

Not the raven locks which crown the heads of the haughty beauties of Castile, nor the flowing flaxen tresses of the fair women of Russia or Scandinavia, can compare for even one instant with the shimmering radiance of the hair of the typical Englishwoman when it has been cultivated—as can easily be done by devoting just two or three minutes a day to its care—to its highest and fullest perfection.

The reason why so many women's hair becomes thin or discoloured at an all-too-early age is because the principles which govern the growth and preservation of the hair have not been studied and followed.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HAIR FULL OF LUSTRE AND GLOWING COLOUR.

For it is not only in length and thickness that the hair should constitute so valuable a feature of every Englishwoman's personal attractions. In addition to these qualities, it possesses most wonderful possibilities of lustrous beauty, a beauty which does not consist merely in its particular shade or colour, but in a glistening sheen, a radiating, diffused brilliance which plays amongst the coiled tresses of the hair as sunshine plays upon the rippling surface of a lake, and which, if not present already in your case, will be brought out almost immediately by the regular practice of 3-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill."

MR. EDWARDS' MUNIFICENT OFFER TO ALL READERS.

If you will cut out the coupon given below and post it, with 3d. in stamps for postage (or take it personally), to the Edwards' Harlene Offices, 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C., you will receive as a present, free of all charge or obligation, a **3-Part Toilet Outfit**, containing everything necessary for the cultivation of Hair Strength and Beauty.

This "3-Part Toilet Outfit" contains:—

1. A Presentation Copy of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Manual, which tells you everything you require to know about the cultivation of Beautiful Hair.

2. A Full Supply of Harlene for the Hair, containing sufficient material for Seven Days' Hair-Drill, according to Mr. Edwards' "3-minutes-a-day" rules. Further supplies of Harlene for the Hair may be obtained at all chemists' and stores in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles.

3. A Sample Supply of the Cremex Shampoo Powder for the Scalp, for thoroughly shampooing and invigorating the scalp once a week, and cleansing it from all scurf, dust, or dandruff that may accu-

mulate thereon. This weekly Cremex Shampoo for the Scalp is as necessary as the daily "Harlene Drill" for the Hair. Its results are wonderful, both to the appearance of the hair and the personal comfort of those who practise it. Every mother should see that her children's heads are thoroughly shampooed with Cremex once every week, as this will ensure their hair against many disorders and weaknesses that otherwise will probably attack it. Further supplies of Cremex may be obtained at 1s. per box of six.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining Harlene or Cremex from your local chemist, supplies will be sent direct and post free on receipt of postal order.

TO EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.

95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sirs,—I should like to try "Harlene Hair-Drill" for one week, for the purpose of strengthening the growth of my hair and improving its appearance. I enclose 3d. for postage to any part of the world of my choice.

NAME.....

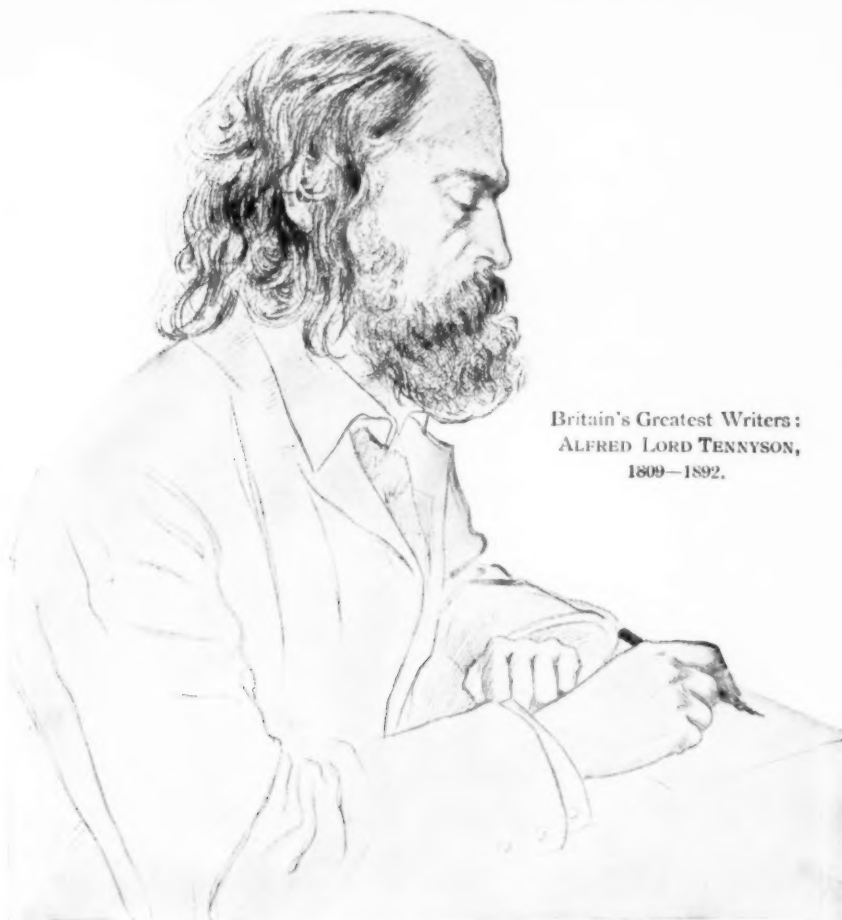
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(If packet is called for no charge is made for postage.)

The Quiver,
Nov., 1909.



THE QUIVER



Britain's Greatest Writers:
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON,
1809—1892.

The greater your need for a perfect pen—the more you appreciate the Onoto. It is the fountain pen that fills itself and cannot leak, never blots, never scratches.

It is British made and guaranteed by its makers.

Price at all stationers, jewellers, etc., 10/6 and upwards.

Booklet about it free on application to Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235 Bunhill Row, E.C.

Onoto
SELF-FILLING
SAFETY FOUNTAIN **Pen**

IMPORTANT—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new "G"—has been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new "G" at your stationers. Also ask him for Onoto Ink—the best for Fountain and all other Pens.



Looking from the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons the first thing that strikes the observant onlooker is the absence of bald-headed members in the present Administration. There is no secret why this is so. Mr. Geo. R. Sims' trusty, honest hair-grower, "Tatcho," is now universal.

HAIR AND BRAINS.

THERE are few things more firmly held as articles of popular faith than the belief that there is some sort of antagonism between hair and brains: that the more highly the tissues inside the skull are developed the more likely are those upon its exterior to fade and disappear. We regret to disturb this conviction, as it is one of the chief consolations of the bald-headed. The other belief, that loss of hair is more common among the brain workers and in the upper or educated classes than in the lower, is equally devoid of substantial basis. Records compiled by the Chief Chemist at Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho" Laboratories show that a vast majority of those who, since Mr. Geo. R. Sims has given "Tatcho," the trusty Hair-Grower, to the public, have consulted him on the condition of their hair, were of the wealthier and hence more highly educated classes, but this is because this class takes loss of hair most seriously. Similarly, any other medical specialist will state that he has a larger percentage of cases of loss of hair among his private patients than he has in his hospital clinics. But for the same reason this fact means nothing whatever as to the comparative frequency of the condition in these two social strata.

The Government and "Tatcho."

There has never been a census taken with reference to the necessity for the possession of a good head of hair. Within limits, however, something may be done while waiting for the census, and the bold, emphatic statement of a writer that "the balder a man is the more successful he seems to be in politics" invites to an inquiry in that easy field. Is it really so? How stands it with the Government? Are the greater brains of the Senate without hair? The answer, thanks to Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of "Tatcho," the true Hair-Grower, is "No." And on the Opposition side of the House the story is almost the same. If one recalls the names of the members of the last Administration, they will find they were all gentlemen with well-nourished hair. Unless Mr. Balfour has recourse to Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery, "Tatcho," he will probably join the bald-headed few if he lives long enough; but Mr. Chamberlain, who is over seventy, has still a crop which pronounces, too, for this remarkable remedy.

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6.

Take also Mr. Arnold-Forster, Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain—they have either found "Tatcho" successful, or, thanks to the supply of natural nourishment, do not need it.

26 non-"Tatcho" Members.

The proportion of "Tatcho" to non-"Tatcho" members on the Front Benches is well maintained when we turn to the House itself. In a recent publication, which gives the portraits of five hundred members of the present Parliament, only twenty-six of the whole number are reduced to the pathos of baldness. The vast majority of the others are well covered and well groomed. As the Hair-Grower which Mr. Geo. R. Sims has given to the world is recognised as an indispensable adjunct to the toilet to-day, the time is probably not far distant when a bald head will be a comparatively rare sight. Certainly, no more encouraging and certain proof of the efficacy of "Tatcho" could be cited than is demonstrated in the House of Commons itself.

Try "Tatcho" at nominal cost, the Trusty Hair-Grower.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Company is distributing a quantity of large trial Bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. Sims' discovery to do so. In doing this the Company is acting within the knowledge that such distribution is making the preparation even more widely known and is introducing it into every home in a far more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

THIS COUPON IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, Kingway, London, we have ourselves to send one of the large trial Bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair-Grower, "Tatcho," 4 1/2 size, for the sum of 1/6, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

Geo. R. Sims
Q. Nov., 1909. *Hair Restorer Co.*

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE "TATCHO."

THE QUIVER

The Universal Mender

Every Englishman's Home is subject to the breakages of every-day life. Little repairs are always becoming necessary

Seccotine

(Large Trade Mark)

is the Agent that will make good as new again
Sold in 6d. and 3d. Tubes.

Easily and cleanly applied and mends in a moment
Of all Stationers, Chemists, Fancy Goods Dealers

or Send for Free Sample to

McCaw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd.,
Belfast, or

31 32 SHOE LANE
LONDON E.C.

Sticks
everything



SEND A

"SWAN"!

Have you a friend in the Colonies or some other distant land? Then be sure to send a "Swan" Fountainpen this Xmas. It is easy to buy—easier to send than most gifts, and besides, nothing could be more useful or lasting.

A "SWAN" is all that a fountainpen should be—all that a gift should be!

Prices
10/6 to £20.

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers,
Write for Catalogue.

Mabie, Todd & Co.,
79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Branches:—3, Chapsdale, F.C.;
55a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; and
at PARIS, BRUSSELS, and
NEW YORK.



POST
IN
GOOD
TIME.

LADIES WITH SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

For many years I was afflicted with a very humiliating growth of hair on my face. I have discovered a sure and harmless remedy which permanently removes this embarrassing growth, and acts directly upon the follicles, thereby exterminating root and branch; it is absolutely painless. I have treated hundreds of cases with perfect success. Write to me in confidence for further particulars, and enclose stamp to pay postage. It is quite an inexpensive treatment.

HELEN R. B. TEMPLE, 8, Blenheim Street, Oxford Street, London, W.



THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST. MARKING INK

As supplied to the Royal Households & Awarded 45 Gold Medals for Superiority.

WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d. & 1/- SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES.

The Best Blouse Material.

"Winsco" Scotch Wincey.

The beautiful appearance of this real Scotch-made Wincey, coupled with its endless wear and unshrinkable qualities, makes it the most popular blouse fabric. For Golf and Hockey Shirts it has no equal. Improves with washing and fast in colour. The Ideal fabric for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's night-wear. Lovely range of colourings from 1s. per yard.

Send for "1" patterns, post free, from Sole Proprietors,
Wm. Small & Son, Edinburgh.



LATE OF BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

A REPUTATION of 80 YEARS is sufficient evidence of the extraordinary efficacy of HARDY'S BROMPTON CONSUMPTION & COUGH SPECIFIC & LUNG SAVER. When all other remedies fail—it cures. Recommended by Medical Specialists and supplied to the aristocracy. Is 1d. and 2s. 6d. full chemists and Boots' stores, or post free from G. HARDY, Dept. Q. 42, Waterloo Road, S.E.

GLOBE METAL POLISH

A LITTLE "GLOBE"—A LITTLE RUB

In Paste & Liquid. A BIG SHINE Dealers & Stores.

THE QUIVER



BRINSMEAD

This is a great name. Have you ever thought what this Name meant when associated with the PIANO?

There are many makes of Pianos; some with names, some without. Some of the names are genuine, some fictitious. The name of BRINSMEAD has a special significance.

"BRINSMEAD" is an absolute guarantee of
Perfection of Touch, Tone, and Durability in Pianos.

The Name (even when the firm started in the Reign of King William IV.) was a good one—now it is a household word throughout the world.

At the Great Exhibition of 1851 the Name was brought prominently before the world as that of "The Premier British Piano Manufacturers." Since then it has continued to grow. On page 4 of the Brinsmead Catalogue you will find a list of the principal International Exhibitions held throughout the world since that date, at all of which



have gained the chief awards. In the Catalogue there is a photo of over 50 Brinsmead Medals, including the highest distinction of all—

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,

Whilst a Special Diploma, awarded only Three Years ago, is marked—

"FOR THE BEST EXHIBIT OF PIANOS."

The Name is so valuable that over and over again others have copied it, knowing that they would benefit by its world-wide reputation.

Write at once for the beautiful Art Catalogue. It will cost you nothing, and will give you much valuable information about the firm and its work.

Sole Manufacturers—JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, Ltd.,

18, 20 & 22, Wigmore Street, London, W.,

who will arrange to exchange your old Piano should you wish it.

**RUGS
GIVEN
AWAY**

NEW DESIGNS

Repeat
Orders
received
from the
Royal
Palace
Stockholm



5/6

**Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN.
GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.**

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of THE QUIVER, 1/11/1909. On receipt of P.O. for your 5/6 address one of our Prudential Real Seamless Woven Half Guinea

(Regd.)



suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

FREE RUG,

thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a specialty of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchaser all Middle Profits. OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unassisted Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

with every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send two carpets and TWO RUGS for 10/6

Galaxy Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Overmantels, Bedsteads, Linoleums, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if mentioning THE QUIVER, 1/11/1909, when writing.

F. HODGSON & SONS

(Dept. Q.)

Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants
WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

Infants fed on these Foods are neither
fretful nor wakeful.

The **'Allenburys' Foods**

MILK FOOD No. 1.
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From 6 months upwards.

The "Allenburys" Milk Foods, being perfectly digestible and closely resembling human milk, give freedom from digestive ailments, promote sound sleep, and ensure vigorous health and development.

— A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management Free. —

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, London.



BUSY as BEES

with the New Box of
Harbutt's Plasticine,

The LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER,

A Splendid Box for Children.

Price, Post Free, 2/4. With 5 Colours,
Tools, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Plates,
Dishes, Rolling Pins, &c.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A.,
27, Bathampton, BATH.



THOUGHTS OF HOME

will be uppermost in the minds of the many who are compelled to spend Christmas far away from the family circle. And those at home will do a little thinking also—a little practical thinking, which, in many cases, will result in the purchase of a Waterman's Ideal and the posting of this perfect Fountain Pen to some absent friend. Certainly no better message of Christmas goodwill could be sent.

Prices 10/6, 12/6, 15/6, 17/6, 21/- and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. Booklet post free from L. & C. Hardtmuth, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (New York, 173, Broadway; Paris, 6, Rue de Hanovre; Vienna, Milan, Dresden, Brussels.)

(Ask your Stationer to show you the Waterman's Ideal Pump-Filling and Safety Pens—12/6 and upwards.)



"Mum"

stops all odors of the body, whether from perspiration or other causes.

Does not clog the pores of the skin or check perspiration, but merely neutralizes the natural personal odor, which everybody has more or less of.

1/. If your chemist hasn't "Mum" send us his name and one shilling, and we'll send it postpaid.

Thomas Christy & Co.
4 Old Swan Lane, Up, Thames St., London, E. C.
Gen'l Sales Agents Mum Mfg. Co., Phila., U. S. A.

The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,
HACKNEY ROAD,
BETHNAL GREEN,
E.

Late "North Eastern" Hospital.

130 beds always full.
Unless help is immediately forthcoming
£11,000 a year expenditure.
Assured income under £1,000.

30,000 Out-Patients annually.
half the beds must be closed.
71,000 Attendances.
No funds in hand.

PLEASE HELP.

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

FITS CURED

By OZERINE. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case Fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being

SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

You need not spend one penny on it. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle **absolutely free**, so certain am I that you will find it most successful.

Price 4s. 6d. and 11s. per bottle, post free.

I. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist,
27, HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

The Ideal Loaf

must be palatable, fine in crumb, rich crusted, and contain all those valuable food elements so essential for the sustenance and renewal of the bodily fabric.

REYNOLDS' .. PURE .. DIGESTIVE WHEATMEAL BREAD

Awarded
55
Gold Medals.

Fills all these requirements, and many others we could mention.
SUPPLIED BY BAKERS & STORES.
Order Sample Loaf from your local baker.
J. REYNOLDS & CO., Ltd., Flour Mills, Gloucester.

See Registered TRADE MARK—"Baby's Clothes will now fit Dolly."

IMPROVED LIFE-SIZE DOLL.

Free Gift of Two 9-in. Dolls with all orders received mentioning this paper.

1/6 POST FREE.



This **Life-Size Doll** is this century's model of the old-fashioned Rag Doll that grandmas used to make, and would make grandmas open her eyes in wonder. The Doll is an exact reproduction in fast colours of a hand-painted French creation, printed on extra heavy cloth that will not tear. The workmanship is perfect. The Doll is intended to be stuffed. Dolly is printed with fair hair, rosy cheeks, brown eyes, kid coloured body, red stockings, black shoes, and will stand alone. If mamma can give one of baby's outgrown dresses that her little daughter can put on and off, button and unbutton to her heart's desire, the **Life-Size Doll** will live in that child's memory long after childhood's days have passed. **Life-Size Doll** and two 9-in. Dolls sent post free on receipt of P.O. for 1/6. Orders for the Colonies 6d. extra. 20-in. Doll and one 9-in. Doll. 1/- Full-Size Sample Shy-Nall Fabric, 6d., post free.

SHY-NALL CHEMICAL CO.,
(Dept. 60 L.),
75, Queen Victoria Street,
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OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

The well-known London Manufacturing Dentists, Messrs. BROWNING, give the very best value; if forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made. 63, Oxford Street (opposite Rathbone Place), London, W. Est. 100 Years.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The "MODERN" Poultry House. Points to Remember and Guaranteed.



Best Bottom Prices.
Best Material.
Good Workmanship.

Poultry Houses of Well-Seasoned Materials, Complete with Door Slide, Ventilators, Felt Roof, Outside Nests, &c.

No. 1.	For 15 Fowl.	4 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, 6 ft. high	27/-
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" 3.	" 35 "	8 " " 5 " " 6 " "	37/-
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Useful for a Variety of Purposes.

Good Honest Value and Sound Materials.

Makers also of BUNGALOWS, PAVILIONS, CHURCHES, STABLE AND FARM BUILDINGS, GREENHOUSES, &c.



Designs and Estimates Free.	6 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, 6 ft. high	27/-
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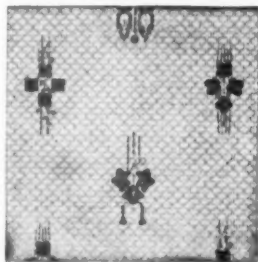
THE QUIVER

OETZMANN & CO^{LD}

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Of purchases made during
the recent severe depression
in trade.

**SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SALE
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Cork Lino.

Special prices to clear quarter, half, or whole
pieces, so as to leave no remnants.

12½	square yards for	13/9
25	" "	27/-
50	" "	52/6

PATTERNS POST FREE.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON, W.



Small Oak Bedroom Suite, comprising Wardrobe, 3 ft. wide
over all, with carved panels and mirror in door; Dressing Chest of
Drawers with Toilet Mirror attached; enclosed Washstand, with
marble top and back, and towel rails attached. The Suite complete,
with one rush-seated Chair **£6 18 6**

Solid Oak Bedstead to match, fitted with adjustable woven wire
Mattress, 2 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 6 in. long **£1 15 0**

Solid Oak Bedstead to match, fitted with adjustable woven wire
Mattress, 3 ft. wide by 6 ft. 6 in. long **£1 17 6**



"**HOLD THEE THAT TO DRINK.**"—*Shakespeare.*

"WINCARNIS"

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The following is a list of contributions received up to and including September 30th, 1909. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: A. B. C. (Bristol), 10s.; Bradford, 3s. 3d.—Total, 13s. 3d.

Sent direct to Dr. Barnardo's Homes: M. McQ., £4; Elsbeth, 5s.—Total, £4 5s.

Sent direct to The Watercress and Flower Girls' Christian Mission: Elsbeth, 5s.

THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS.

The following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including September 30th:

£3 from Isabella C. Blyth.

£1 5s. from M. B. (Aurora).

10s. from "A Member" (Tenby).

5s. from A. J. Mallock.

81 (one dollar) from L. M. Wills.

3s. from Mrs. Dewhurst.

2s. each from W. Winch, Mrs. J. D. Wortolk, Mrs. E. Downton.

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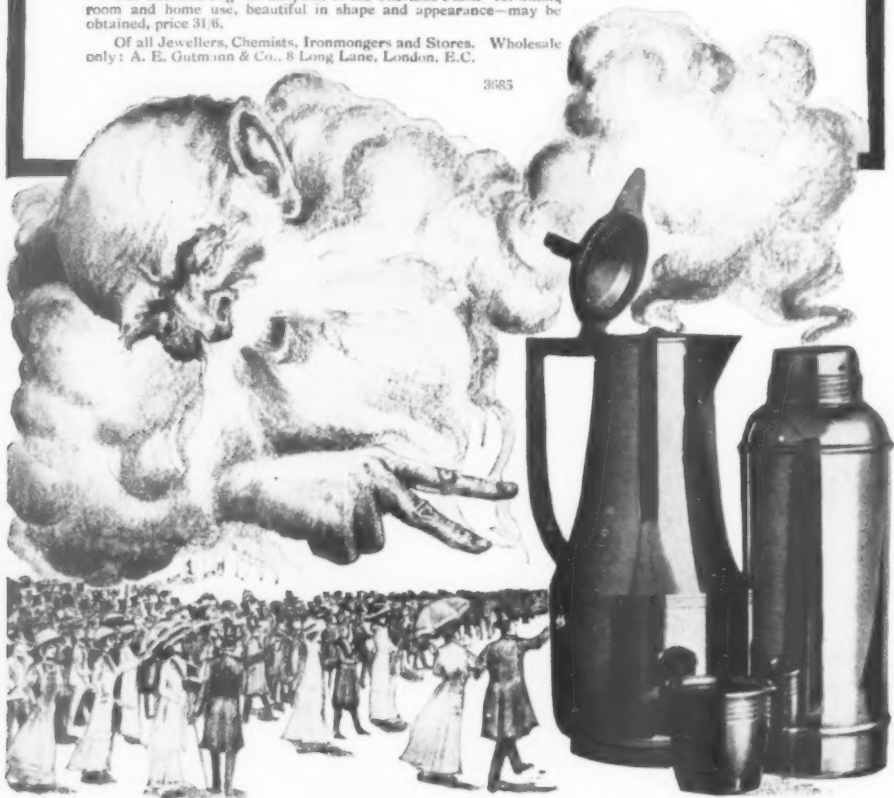
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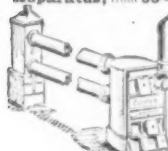
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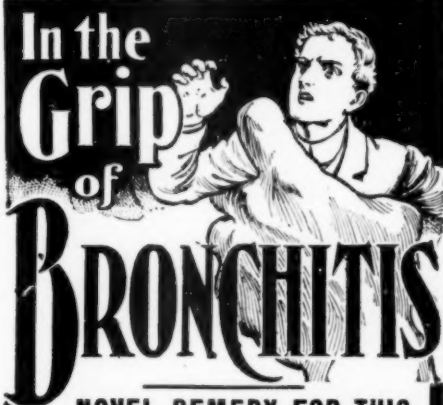
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THE QUIVER

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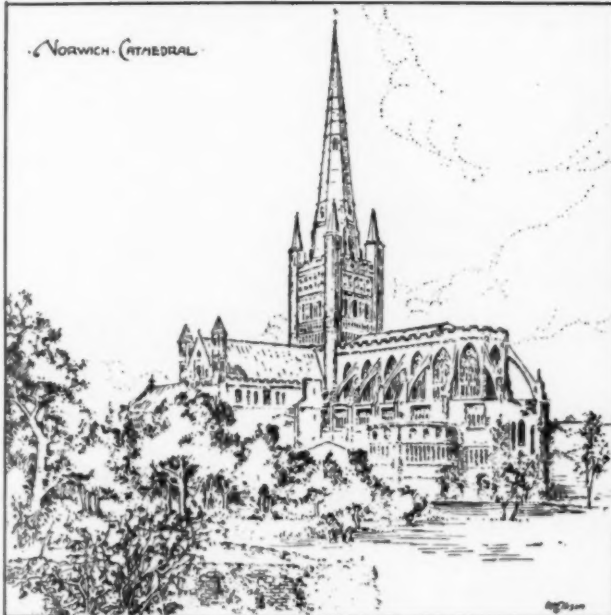
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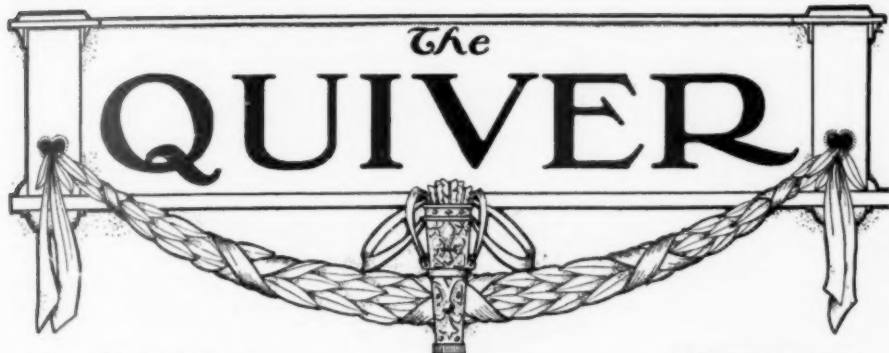
CALENDAR

NOVEMBER, 1909

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 MON. Cruden (Concordance) d. 1770 | 15 MON. Rossini d. 1868 |
| 2 TUES. <i>All Souls' Day</i> | 16 TUES. John Bright b. 1811 |
| 3 WED. (2) Richard Hooker d. 1600 | 17 WED. <i>St. Hugh</i> |
| 4 THURS. G. Peabody d. 1869 | 18 THURS. Wellington's funeral 1852 |
| 5 FRI. (4) Mendelssohn d. 1847 | 19 FRI. Charles I. b. 1600 |
| 6 SAT. Sir G. Williams (Y.M.C.A.) d. 1904 | 20 SAT. Sir W. Laurier b. 1841 |
| 7 Sunday 22nd after Trinity | 21 Sunday 24th after Trinity |
| 8 MON. Milton d. 1674 | 22 MON. Geo. Eliot b. 1819 |
| 9 TUES. King Edward b. 1841 | 23 TUES. <i>Old Martinmas</i> |
| 10 WED. Luther b. 1483 | 24 WED. John Knox d. 1572 |
| 11 THURS. (10) Stanley met Livingstone 1871 | 25 THURS. Carnegie b. 1835 |
| 12 FRI. Richard Baxter b. 1615 | 26 FRI. Cowper b. 1731 |
| 13 SAT. Etty (artist) d. 1849 | 27 SAT. (26) Queen of Norway b. 1869 |
| 14 Sunday 23rd after Trinity | 28 Sunday 1st in Advent |
| | 29 MON. Cardinal Wolsey d. 1530 |
| | 30 TUES. <i>St. Andrew</i> |



"'You said to me once in Paris, that I was one of the few who could befriend a woman without the eternal issue coming between, but you were wrong. . . . I love you'"—p. 16.



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NOVEMBER, 1909

Our New Serial Story

Love's Barrier

By ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER I

IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

IT was the beginning of the third and last week of Secretan's holiday, and as he passed through the gates of the Luxembourg Gardens he was quite conscious of a feeling of sharp regret, even of reluctance at the prospect of returning to England and taking up the routine of his life.

It was his first visit to Paris, and he had enjoyed it to the full. Disappointed at the last moment in the college friend who had agreed to share the long-planned holiday, he had managed alone to obtain full value for his money, and, looking back across the two weeks, could not recall one ill-spent day.

A student of history and of human life, modern Paris had interested him no less than the old city about which such glamour hangs.

His knowledge of French being sufficient to permit conversation with the men and women he encountered daily, he had from choice kept out of the beaten tourist tracks, and had engaged a modest lodging at a purely French hotel in the heart of old Paris, in a little house well known to the denizens of the Latin Quarter in their palmier days. And there he had lived a life

so entirely different from the usual routine that sometimes he was tempted to ask whether he was actually Claude Secretan, priest in holy orders, Vicar of Midcar, a windswept parish up on the Yorkshire moors.

Secretan was a poor man, possessed of no means beyond his meagre living, and this holiday had been planned and saved for for the past two years. It had been rendered immediately possible, however, by the unexpected acceptance of some papers he had written about his moorland parish, and he blessed the inspiration of his usually unimaginative sister Jane, who had urged him to set his impressions down, and had taken upon herself the task of correcting and making them ready for the press. She had even sought and found a market for them, and the outcome of her endeavours was a cheque for twenty pounds and a request for more. Secretan was now planning a series of papers on his Parisian experiences, forgetful of the fact that the ground had been already trodden by countless feet, whereas his own parish was virgin soil, the types to be met there, individual and apart.

He had spent the morning in the Cluny Museum, and now sought a breath of purer air before returning to the Restaurant Amédée for his midday meal.

THE QUIVER

It was a morning in the late September, and though the leaves were changing hue on the noble trees the air was as soft and balmy as a Yorkshire midsummer. For the first time in seven years Secretan had escaped the bitter winds which from September to the end of October often swept the moorlands and were a sore trial to delicate folks.

Secretan himself was a strong man, and carried his six feet of well-knit manhood with vigour and grace. His thin, ascetic face was tanned and healthy, his eye keen and clear. The quick glance indicated an eager, perhaps hasty, temperament, generous, yet impulsive to a degree.

Secretan had no idea what a gentle yet effective restraining influence his sister's sterling common-sense and even temper had upon him, nor how much of his undoubted success in Midcar was due to her.

He had made mistakes, some of them rash ones, but Jane had never failed to step into the breach; she had indeed well oiled the machinery of his life, while appearing to be nothing more than an amiable housekeeper and a prudent woman, not much given to unnecessary speech.

Very few guessed that Jane Secretan was in reality the power behind the throne. She had been accustomed to stand aside all her life so that her brother might push on. In their poor home everything had been made subservient to the furtherance of Claude's career. Thus there had been engendered in him a species of fine selfishness, of which he was himself quite unconscious. He accepted sacrifice and service as a matter of course; always graciously and amiably, it must be said, but imperceptibly, as if they were his by right. His mind had been very easy during his Paris holiday, because Jane had been left at the helm, to keep the curate-in-charge up to the mark.

It had not occurred to him that Jane either needed or desired such a holiday for herself.

Secretan did not wear the distinctive dress of his order when off duty; a suit of fine blue serge, a flannel shirt, with a neat linen collar and black tie, and a soft felt hat gave him the appearance of an ordinary travelling Englishman of the better class. He was intensely fond of children, and often strolled into the gardens of the Luxembourg for the sole purpose of watching them at

their play, especially the amateur yachtsmen who peopled the banks of the pond, where they spent many tireless hours.

As Secretan approached the pond that Monday morning, he beheld what appeared to be a small fracas among the children, and, stepping forward, discovered a small English boy, about nine, in a perfect fury of passion, because his boat, a beautiful miniature yacht, had got entangled in mid-stream with some sister craft. He was in tears, and, stamping his foot, ordered a very English-looking lady, who appeared to be in charge of him and his sister, to rescue his boat for him instantly.

"I can't, Geoffrey," she explained in a sweet, clear, but quite decided voice. "Don't you see it is quite beyond reach of the point of my sunshade? We must find the man with the long pole. Perhaps he has gone for *déjeuner*."

Secretan immediately stepped forward, slightly raising his hat.

"Pray allow me, madam. I think I can reach your little boy's boat. I happen to have a very long arm and a good stick. At least I can try."

The lady uttered a word of hasty thanks, her colour rising slightly at the knowledge that her somewhat sharp words to the child had been overheard by one who understood them. A small crowd swiftly gathered to watch the tall Englishman's effort to disentangle the boats, and very soon he was rewarded by bringing them safely to shore without so much as a cord damaged.

The English boy immediately grabbed his boat, and at the same time gave the Frenchman's a contemptuous kick with his foot.

"You get your rotten old hulk messed up with my boat again, Froggie, and I'll punch your head. See if I don't!" he said, squaring his shoulders at him in regular John Bull fashion.

At this the little girl laughed shrilly, but the governess or mother, looking very angry indeed, sharply rebuked them both.

Secretan merely smiled.

"Your little charge has not yet grasped the meaning of the *entente cordiale*, and happily the little Froggie did not understand a word."

"Geoffrey is a little cad, and wants a good whipping," she replied with asperity. "The whipping I should very much enjoy giving him."

LOVE'S BARRIER

Somehow the words spoken with such hard vindictiveness repelled Secretan, though his admiration for the graceful woman with the sweet, high-bred English face increased as he watched her more closely.

"Most British boys pass through the cub stage. When he goes to school it will be licked out of him, never fear."

"I sincerely hope so. I'm sorry you heard me speak so emphatically, but I have had a very trying morning. I had to bring them first of all from the other side of the Champs Elysées on that ghastly Metropolitan."

"Yet I seem to remember a nearer pond, in the Tuileries Gardens?" said Secretan inquiringly.

"Oh, yes, but it will not serve them. I have to come here every day. It is lovely when we get to it, but there is always the going back. Don't you think it very hot for September?"

"I like it. I come from a bleak moorland parish, and the glow and softness of Paris appeal to me irresistibly."

"You don't know Paris well then? Perhaps it is your first visit?"

"It is. May I sit down for a few moments and talk?" asked Secretan eagerly. "You are the first English person I have spoken with since I arrived a fortnight ago."

"How extraordinary! The place is chock-full of them! Yesterday five vanloads of them drove down the Champs Elysées, some of them waving small Union Jacks. It is a wonder," she added, with a little cold snap in her voice, "that they were not shouting 'Rule, Britannia,' at the top of their voices."

"I expect, if they had, it would merely have indicated a hilarious state of enjoyment. May I ask whether you live in Paris all the year round?"

He had already decided that she was an English governess, and that she did not care for her post. But her answer, given without the slightest hesitation, disposed of his hazard at once.

"I live in Colchester. These children are my half-brother and sister—which accounts," she added swiftly, "for my sad lack of patience with them."

"They are handsome children," remarked Secretan, glancing with a freshened interest at the children, to see whether they in any way resembled her.

"When I was a child, my old nurse was

fond of the proverb 'Ansone is as 'ansome does!' These two have been spoiled by a silly mother. I do my best, but I have no real hold over them, because she does not uphold my authority."

"Is their mother in Paris also?"

"Yes, we are living in a *pension* in the Rue Nassau, off the Champs Elysées. It is very small, and very full, and it is necessary to keep the children almost entirely out of doors. The duty falls to me. I'm afraid I don't accept it gracefully."

Secretan looked less sympathetic, and she immediately observed the slight alteration in his expression.

"You think I'm a beast," she said hardily.

"Doubtless you are a happy father yourself, and think the child can do no wrong. That is the modern idea of parentage."

Secretan threw back his head and laughed, with a heartiness which surprised himself, and compelled Helen to join him.

"I have not the felicity to be married," he said at last, and somehow both immediately felt more at ease.

"Tell me how you like Paris," she said interestedly.

"I am under its lure," he answered regretfully. "I awoke this morning overshadowed by the knowledge that I had started on the last week. I have to return to England on Friday in time for my services on Sunday."

"Your services? Then are you a clergyman?"

"I am. My name is Secretan, and my living is at Midcar, in Yorkshire."

"I understand why my exhibition of temper shocked you," she said, and Secretan imagined that she slightly drew herself further back on the seat. "But how is it that you don't wear the cloth?"

"I discarded it for convenience and economy," he answered simply. "I am a poor man."

"I beg your pardon," she said hastily, and with a sudden sweet, appealing smile which altered the whole expression of her face. "It is my misfortune to say the wrong thing. I have been saying it ever since I can remember."

"There is nothing to forgive," he assured her, and seemed to watch with a fresh interest the children at their play. All their little grievances forgotten, they were collaborating amicably once more.

"The little breeze has passed," observed

THE QUIVER

Secretan with a smile. "How quickly the child forgets!"

"And forgives. Yes, there is nothing mean about Geoffrey. If only his father had lived, one would have had hope of him," she said, and her face softened yet more tenderly, and drew Secretan's eyes like a magnet.

He had always lived in an atmosphere of feminine mildness; he had been the spoiled darling of his mother, and was now mothered a little less demonstratively, but quite as thoroughly, by his sister. His feminine ideal embodied surrender, patience, almost complete self-effacement.

The strength and bitterness with which his new acquaintance spoke interested him greatly. He wished it were possible to know more of her.

"You know Paris well, I suppose? Your French had nothing English about it when I heard you speak to the children a few moments ago."

"I was educated in a convent at Charenton. Do you know Charenton?"

"I went there by boat on one of the fine mornings. But you are not of the Catholic faith?"

"No, I was sent to Charenton for cheapness."

"Perhaps you can set my mind at rest regarding the convent system of education for Protestant English girls. I heard it discussed at a dinner-table a week or two before I left Midcar. Was there any attempt at proselytising?"

"None whatever, except that the example and the peace were alluring. I was very happy there. I don't think I have ever been quite so happy anywhere since. Perhaps one day I shall go back."

"It would be a false peace," he said with a sudden harshness in his voice which surprised her. "That is the real lure of Rome, to appeal to all the senses, until one is wholly subjugated."

"How passionately you protest! Have they tried to proselytise you then?"

Secretan laughed.

"Certainly not, but it is a subject on which I happen to feel a little strongly, and I don't think that English parents are sufficiently alive to the danger of the convent system."

"Oh, I am sure it is non-existent. The poor dear little sisters of the *Sacre Cœur*! How very mildly surprised they would be

if they heard you! If I had ten daughters, I should be very happy to send them all to Charenton. Well, I must collect my charges and pilot them to the nearest Metropolitan. We are supposed to lunch at a quarter to one, and it is after twelve now."

"Are you remaining long in Paris?" asked Secretan, rising very reluctantly.

"We never know. It all depends on Mrs. Revell."

"Mrs. Revell! Then you are Miss Revell?" he said eagerly.

"Yes, and my Christian name is Helen."

"Is there a chance that we may meet again?" he said, with the same eagerness.

"Oh, perhaps, stranger things have happened, Mr. Secretan. Midcar, did you say?"

"Yes, Midcar, about eleven miles from Bradfield."

"I don't know those parts, and do you live with your mother? Somehow you look like a mother's son."

Secretan did not know whether to take the remark as a compliment or the reverse. He fancied her eyes a little mocking.

"My only sister keeps house for me. We are orphans. She is very good to me. It was she who made this incomparable holiday possible."

"One of the model sisters! I have never had a sister. Of course that child Margot can never be one to me. I dislike her mother too much."

"But perhaps she makes your father happy," suggested Secretan, who disliked in her intensely the vindictive mood.

"No, she made him wretched, and he is dead," she answered quickly, then turned quite away from him with a little distant bow. "Geoffrey and Margot, come at once! It is time to go."

CHAPTER II

A WOMAN IN THE CASE

THEY met several times after that. In fact, every morning found Secretan haunting the pond in the Luxembourg Gardens in the hope of seeing Helen Revell. She always seemed pleased to see him, and they had many intimate talks; while Geoffrey and Margot, approving of the tall stranger who knew so much about boats, and was neither too big nor too solemn for play, never failed in their boisterous welcome.

LOVE'S BARRIER

Secretan quickly learned that the woman who interested him so deeply was intensely unhappy in her present mode of life; also he discerned some care upon her heart other than that of passionate regret for the father whom she had so ardently loved. That she was of birth far superior to his own he had easily gathered; her father had been an Army man, and all her connections seemed to move in military circles. The

spreading trees. "Promise me that if you ever need a friend you will apply to me."

"That is a promise easily given," she answered with a faint light in her wide grey eyes. "I have not so many friends that I can afford to despise an offer so sincere."

"I should have imagined you surrounded by troops of friends," he said a little confusedly, fully aware that the remark was a



"'It would be a false peace,' he said, with a sudden harshness in his voice which surprised her."

Revells themselves seemed to be very poor, however, eking out a somewhat harassed existence in a garrison town on strictly limited means.

To say that Secretan was deeply interested, inadequately describes his frame of mind. He bade her good-bye with a very poignant regret, while a determination to see her again had already taken possession of him, and would not be set aside.

"Promise me," he said earnestly, as they strolled together for the last time under the

little more personal than their brief acquaintance justified.

She laughed a little, and the bitterness in her voice was insistent.

"I am really a quite friendless woman. You can't know the life of a garrison town, its petty jealousies, its horrible cruelty. To be happy in it one would need to be wholly independent, to be able to soar clean above it all, to put one's foot on its neck, so to speak. I have never been in that enviable position."

THE QUIVER

"Would it not be better to leave a place so uncongenial and so unpleasant?" he asked perplexedly.

"I have often thought of that, but the way is barred. It always is barred to the solitary woman, without gifts and without resources."

"You belittle yourself," said Secretan earnestly. "You dare not say you are without gifts."

"At least I have no marketable ones," she said swiftly, "and, besides, we are hide-bound by tradition and convention. One may starve and not altogether lose caste, but work——!"

She ended her sentence with a small, significant shrug of the shoulders.

Secretan was silent a moment, recalling indeed the small linendraper's shop in the Somerset town where his father and mother had pursued an unblemished, but perfectly undistinguished, career. His own striking success at school, the winning of a substantial scholarship, had enabled him to leave the environment which, to do him justice, he had never learned to despise, though he was perfectly aware that others despised it.

"I think, if one has courage," he said slowly, "courage conquers everything. I cannot bear to think of you eating your heart out in that garrison town, living a life that is carving so many unnecessary lines on your face."

"I know I am getting old," she said with a little sigh. "Mrs. Revell is always remarking on that cheerful fact. She has the baby face, and adopts the air of innocence, though within she is as wise as a serpent. Oh, how you must despise me for talking like this, but, believe me, it has been a relief! You have been so truly kind, and seem to understand; but I feel that I shall die of shame after I am home, thinking how I have given myself away. My father did not teach me that. He was a brave soldier. He always told me to stand up to the guns."

"You are in the wrong place," he said gently. "I hope that one day soon you will find your right niche. Now, shall we ever meet again?"

"Oh, we may! The world is wide, and nobody knows what a day may bring forth. But I won't forget our talks. And I shall recall your ideal of duty when I am harder beset than usual. I think it will help me

to think of you pursuing it under difficulties in your moorland parish."

"But I am not unhappy," said Secretan with a feeling of uneasiness because of the false impression he had made. "I am poor, of course, but I have congenial work, and no particular fight with fate."

"Poverty is nothing, nothing at all. I have a hundred pounds a year of my own, and, though it goes into the common good now, I sometimes wonder whether it would be possible for an unattached female without expensive tastes to live upon it. Well, good-bye. I assure you that in Colchester I shall often walk in spirit in the Luxembourg Gardens."

"May I write to you?" inquired Secretan, feeling that he could not let her drift out of his life like this.

She shook her head.

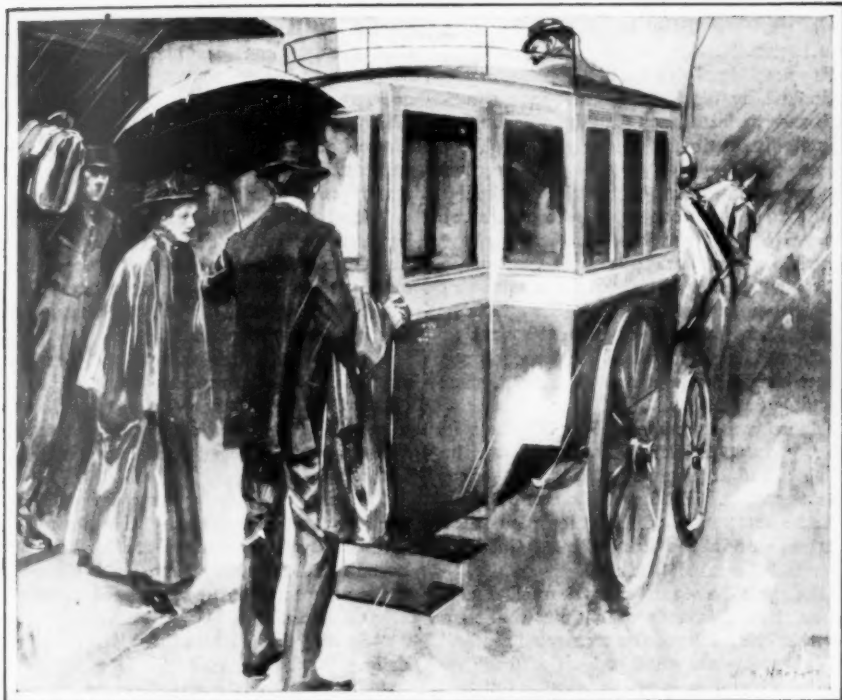
"Don't. It would be better not, I think. I prefer these memories. Let us remain like ships that pass in the night."

Her tone was final, and Secretan was obliged to speak the hateful word. But as he wended his way to his lodging to get his things together he felt that something had gone out of his life, leaving behind a very sharp sense of loss. He did not think of love; the idea of learning to love a woman in five days would have upset all his preconceived ideas on that alluring theme. But he was haunted by a pair of sad, somewhat mocking grey eyes, by the pathos and sweetness of a woman's mouth, by his own passionate desire to have some share in the guiding of a purposeless, and therefore unhappy, life.

He tried to put it behind him manfully, and to address himself in thought to the waiting duties which for the moment did not beckon him. He slept the night in London, paid a few calls next morning, bought some needful books for which he had resolutely kept back a portion of his holiday money, and after lunch took train for the greyer North, where he arrived at dusk, to find a chill bitterness in the air, and an unkind rain falling from leaden skies.

The glow and brightness had disappeared, and the weather seemed typical of the grey vista in front of him. When a man returns in such mood to his own niche it may be inferred that something serious has intervened to make upheaval in his life.

Midcar was reached by a small branch



"He signed to the porter, and preceded his sister out to the small covered omnibus known as the station fly."

line crossing the moors from Guislip Junction, and as the train crawled up the misty slopes Secretan wondered when he should see Helen Revell again. That he would see her, he was in no doubt at all. Should he tell Jane about the incident of their meeting? He doubted it. Jane would hardly understand.

She was standing at the station, a motionless figure in the falling rain, her angular lines not enhanced by the ugly folds of a shabby and very wet macintosh, but the face peering out eagerly from under the brim of her serviceable but singularly unbecoming hat, was wholly redeemed by her eyes, which were really beautiful; filled with the soft, expressive light of welcome. Jane was in reality a far finer character than her brother. Though naturally clever, as well as good, it had been early impressed upon her that it is the woman's portion to stand aside, to wait, and to further ambitions in which she can have but little part. She was thus only partially educated, but her

passionate thirst for knowledge had driven her to such self-culture as is to be found in books. She was musical also, and had laboriously taught herself enough to play the little organ in the church, where her sympathy of touch made up for the technical errors which sometimes jarred upon the critical or casual visitor.

Constant abnegation, however, had not embittered Jane Secretan's fine sweet wholesome nature, and her happy fund of humour, which enabled her to laugh in the most unexpected places, had taken the raw edge off many a bitter moment. Secretan had never fully appreciated her. During the years of his school and college life he had drifted, perhaps inevitably, out of touch with his home people, and though he was fully aware what an excellent almoner of a poor man's income his sister made, it had never occurred to him to regard her as an intellectual companion. Secretan was a preacher first and a pastor afterwards, and

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Jane's practical help in the parish was quite invaluable.

His splendid pulpit gifts had been curiously overlooked by his Church, and Jane sometimes resented the fact that he was buried untimely in their moorland parish. They had now been seven years in Midcar, and Jane knew that a change would be beneficial to him, though personally she would regret to leave the place where she was happy, where she understood the people, and where she was so greatly beloved. In the love of the best women there is always the mothering element, and Jane's eyes were eloquent as she stepped forward, almost as an anxious mother might have done, to welcome her returning boy.

"There you are at last, dear!" she said in her strong, pleasant voice, which at the moment had a strangely irritating effect upon Secretan. He inwardly compared it with the soft music of the voice which had haunted him in the Luxembourg Gardens, and which haunted him still.

"Ah, you have an extra parcel, I see, and as it is so very wet hadn't we better take the fly? I have the money all ready."

"Of course we shall take the fly," responded Secretan a trifle testily. "And don't you attempt to lift that parcel, Jane. It is much too heavy for you."

The poverty, the makeshifts of their existence, rushing upon him in the very moment of his homecoming, filled him with a strange and secret rage. He had had a glimpse of other things. He signed to the porter, and preceded his sister out to the small covered omnibus known as the station fly. They found themselves the only occupants; but the noise and rattle of the rickety old vehicle over the uneven half-mile to the village, rendered speech impossible. Jane, however, observed that her brother looked remarkably well, though she admitted to herself that he might be more cheerful.

She attributed it, however, to the dismal conditions of the weather, and anticipated a cosy and interesting chat when they should be comfortably within the Rectory, in a cheerful, well-lighted room.

Midcar Rectory was a long, low, grey house, well overhung with creepers, and very picturesquely set in a pretty, old-world garden with a paddock behind. Beyond that were the purple solitudes of a great

stretch of moorland, which Jane loved, though sometimes its bleakness depressed her brother. A meal was ready when they got indoors—not the dainty little dinner to which Secretan had very readily accustomed himself at the Restaurant Amédée, but the substantial high tea which obtains in so many parts of Yorkshire.

"It is quite like old times to have you back, dear," she said, nodding kindly at him from behind the homely tea cosy of her own making. "I shall want to hear a great deal presently. Your letters have not been very copious."

"I am no letter-writer, and the time seemed to fly," replied Secretan as he essayed to carve some slices from the cold ham which stood invitingly in front of him. "How have things gone, and how did Bakewell do?"

"Fairly well, only very fairly, dear," she answered guardedly. "I am afraid he is rather a worldly minded youth, and Midcar bored him. The only time I saw him really wake up was when he was asked to dine at High Ridges."

"So they did ask him there," said Secretan drily. "Did you go?"

"Oh, yes, and ever after he talked of nothing but Audrey."

"Silly ass!" said Secretan, with some unnecessary asperity.

"Everyone will be pleased that you are back," she said with an affectionate glance. "There have been two deaths in the parish this week."

"Whose?" he asked quickly, arrested for the moment from his more selfish thoughts.

"Little Annie Bartlett, and Tom Courtney's wife at the Court Farm."

"Mrs. Courtney!" exclaimed Secretan, pushing his chair back. "Why, what happened? She was as well as you or I the last Sunday I was in church."

"She died quite suddenly. It seems her heart was weak. I was up at the Farm yesterday, and Tom blames himself very much. He told me he had had a fit of his old temper, and that it was immediately after it his wife died. I felt sorry for the man. The Court temper is a frightful curse, and he is besides a helpless creature. Poor Emmy had a handful with him! He is thankful you have come home in time for the funeral—she is to be buried at Clyd-bridge on Monday."

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"Well, and what else?"

"Nothing much, except that the Coynes have lost a whole litter of pigs," she answered, and a humorous smile played for a moment about her mouth, wonderfully lightening its gravity. "Aaron says poison, and Anne says the will of God, but it has made a lot of talk in the place."

There was no answering smile on Secretan's face, and after a moment's silence his sister leaned across the table a little anxiously.

"You seem out of sorts, Claude. Don't you feel quite well, or is it that you don't have what you like? There is a whole basket of new-laid eggs from the Court. Mr. Courtney sent them down only this morning. Shall I tell Hannah to poach a couple for you?"

"No, dear, thank you," said he, rousing himself with an effort. "This is very nice. I'm afraid Paris is not quite what we thought it, after all—in the way of a fillip, I mean."

"Didn't you enjoy yourself, then?"

"Every minute of the time, the last week most of all."

"I suppose because you began to feel yourself quite at home," she said, cheerfully comprehensive. "The strangeness here will wear off in a day or two."

She rose and began to clear the table, while her brother retired to the study to unpack the parcel of new books. When he looked round the wide, bare room, with its shabby carpet and bookshelves sparsely furnished, a strange fury of disgust seized him, which even the suggestive picture of "The Man with the Muckrake" above the mantelpiece failed to rebuke.

"I'm a fool, and an ungrateful fool at that!" he said to himself with a sort of savageness. "I must get out of this outlandish hole, where a litter of pigs is of more importance than the cure of souls. The cure of souls, that's my business in life, and I'm badly in want of a cure myself!"

He began to whistle, to keep down the rebellious thoughts; and Jane, across the passage, heard the cheerful sound and was comforted by it.

Not unaccustomed to her brother's vagaries of temper, she felt disappointed that his holiday had not been productive of a better harvest. But, being a sensible woman, she hoped for better things.

They came a little later, when they had a

pleasant hour together over the log fire in the study, and Claude became chatty and reminiscent over his holiday. But he did not mention the name of Helen Revell.

Next day the Vicar was early abroad in the parish, addressing himself manfully to the waiting duty, and was warmly welcomed. He was greatly liked in Midcar, his warm, sympathetic nature winning him many friends. The tall, lean figure on the well-worn bicycle was a familiar and always welcome sight about the lanes and the open moorland road. He paid a visit to Court Farm—"The Court," as it was called in Midcar—an old-fashioned Elizabethan farmhouse standing high on the edge of the moor, its fertile lands dipping to the west on the further side. He settled down manfully indeed to the old routine, and seemed happy enough, but Jane would have been surprised could she have had a glimpse into the innermost recesses of his heart. She had never, somehow, pictured him as a lover, though the thought that he might marry one day had sometimes intruded itself. But he had always seemed cold to women, and had often proclaimed his belief in the celibacy of the clergy. Jane did not believe in celibacy at all, though she had refused more than one good offer. She was not afraid to say matrimony was the canonical state, else why "male and female created He them"?

Jane gradually came to the conclusion that the Paris visit had not been a success. She did not talk about it, however, being one of the few women who believe that speech complicates life. She had a very still nature, and could wait with an astonishing patience for the development of events.

An unexpected development of the Paris visit occurred about six weeks after Secretan's return. When he came down to breakfast one morning he found among his letters a large square envelope addressed in a handwriting he did not know. It had a small neat black crest on the flap, and bore the Colchester postmark. Happening to glance at him at the moment when he lifted it, Jane was surprised to see his face flush. He put the letter in his pocket at once, and said nothing at all about it. He began to talk about some quite trivial, inconsequent matter, and rose from the table more quickly than his wont.

About an hour later, when Jane, still puzzled, and perhaps a trifle apprehensive,

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since up till now there had been a perfect confidence between them, was busy with her kitchen duties, she heard him calling her.

She wiped the flour from her hands, took off her large white apron, and crossed the hall to the study.

"I want you a moment, dear," he said gently. "Just close the door."

She did so, greatly wondering.

"I shall have to go away this afternoon, Jane, for a couple of days."

"You will not return till Friday? What takes you away?"

"I have to go to Colchester, in Essex, in consequence of a letter I received this morning from a person I met in Paris."

"It is a long journey from here to Essex. You will have to go to London first?"

"Of course. I shall go up by the three ten, sleep in London, go down to Colchester to-morrow morning, and return on Friday. Will you go over to Ifley and get Thorpe to take the service for me to-morrow night?"

"Yes, dear, I will," she replied readily enough, but, though her tongue was silent, her eyes were full of questioning and a little apprehensive.

"I shall get dinner half an hour earlier, and put your things together in the little bag. Is there anything particular you wish to take?"

He shook his head, and began to search his pockets.

"Money, I'm afraid. Do you happen to have two sovereigns in the house?"

Sovereigns were not plentiful in Midcar Rectory, but Jane was able to supply the need. About half past two Secretan departed, carrying his Saturday-to-Monday bag, after having bidden a somewhat strained good-bye to his sister. Both knew that a crisis of some sort had come.

Jane, watching his tall figure swinging down the road, felt a shadow creeping about her heart. Had her vague thoughts been crystallised, they might have been expressed in these five words—"A woman in the case."

CHAPTER III

THE ETERNAL ISSUE

SECRETAN did not know Essex at all, and the first part of the journey from Liverpool Street disappointed and depressed him. London seemed to have no end, and the

dreary rows of workmen's dwellings were not improved by the dripping fog which almost hid them from view.

But when they left the suburbs behind, and the train began to speed through a more delightful land, where the sun did not disdain to shine, and sweet little country towns dotted the landscape, he was able to realise, in part at least, the Essex Constable had loved. By the time he reached Colchester he had decided that it was quite a worthy setting for the woman he loved. The woman he loved! Secretan had not yet admitted that portentous factor to himself, but in his heart there was a hidden sweetness which could have no other meaning, though he stoutly protested to himself that it was simply as a friend he had been called to Helen Revell's side; to redeem the promise made that memorable morning in the gardens of the Luxembourg. He wore his clerical garb on this occasion, perhaps with the idea of accentuating the office of healer. He wore it well, too, with conspicuous dignity and grace, and was undeniably a handsome man.

A considerable number of passengers alighted at Colchester, and Secretan quickly learned that there was a short walk between the station and the town. In no way pressed for time, he made his way leisurely on foot, and, arriving at the High Street, was delighted with its quaint, old-fashioned appearance. The low, bow-fronted shops, the overhanging eaves of the houses, and the ancient landmarks here and there, filled him with interest and satisfaction. It was now half past twelve. He had not written to Helen, and, reflecting that it would perhaps be inconvenient to make a call at a strange house at such an hour, he decided to lunch first at "The Baldfaced Stag," an old-fashioned chop-house with a weatherbeaten sign swaying and creaking in the breeze. Secretan, naturally a shy man, secretly shrank from seeking Helen openly at her own home, especially as she had not in so many words bidden him come. He felt himself in an unusual position, but after prolonging his meal as long as he dared he sallied forth once more into the busy High Street to find the number on the card.

A little further up the shops came to an end, and dwelling-houses of a delightful old-world type took their place. He found ninety-six to be a tall, narrow house with

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many small windows, and a heavy oak door, adorned by a large and rather terrible griffin knocker. The casement windows were swathed in soft yellow silk, which harmonised exquisitely with the subdued colouring of the walls, and the dark wood-work, and gave the house an air of distinction. It had a cloistered look; one could not imagine a prying eye peering behind those close draperies; it suggested the life austere, individual, and apart.

He stood still, lifted the knocker, and let it gently fall, but immediately sonorous echoes sounded within. After a brief space the door was opened by a cherubic-faced page-boy in brown livery, who waited with a charming air of friendliness to hear the stranger's business. Beyond him, Secretan caught a glimpse of dim recesses, softly lit, of rich carpets and pictures.

"Miss Revell?" he said inquiringly.

"Not at 'ome," replied the imp promptly.

"Do you mean that she is not in Colchester or merely not in the house?" demanded Secretan, in no mind to be treated so cavalierly.



"'Not at 'ome,' replied the imp promptly."

which the Colne, a placid, well-filled stream, meandered noiselessly. It was very quiet

"Not in the 'ouse, sir, not at 'ome till tea-time."

"When is that?"

"Depends on Missis, but generally speakin', sir, it's abart half past four. Oo shall I say 'as called, sir?" inquired the page anxiously.

"It is of no consequence, I can come back," replied Secretan as he turned somewhat disappointedly away. Repulsed by his reception, he wondered whether his visit might not be regarded as an unwarrantable intrusion. After all, Helen had merely asked his friendly advice, not his personal intervention in her private affairs. He walked rapidly away, and when well out of range of the house he had left drew a penny guide-book from his pocket to discover what of interest he might see in Colchester while he waited. Since Helen was in the town, it would be obviously foolish for him to leave it without seeing her. But part of his enthusiasm was gone. He decided to explore the old castle, and bent his steps towards the grounds, through

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there; being November month, there were no sightseers. So far as he could discern, he appeared to be the only person about. Taking advantage of the fact, he drew Helen's letter from his pocket to peruse it once more, though he already knew it by heart. While thus engaged, and oblivious of things around him, someone spoke his name.

He started confusedly, and there she was in front of him, a gracious and very graceful figure in a coat and skirt of homespun, her little hat with the pheasant's wing poised at a most becoming angle on her plentiful and shining hair.

"Mr. Secretan, is it possible! I could not believe my eyes at first. Have you actually come all this distance to see me?"

He answered quite simply:

"I came because of your letter. I thought it would be easier, and probably more satisfactory, if we talked things over. Besides"—and now his eyes frankly devoured her looks—"I wanted rather badly to see you again."

She looked away suddenly, so that he did not catch her expression.

"You are not angry, I hope?" he said humbly. "Perhaps it is an intrusion."

"An intrusion! How can you say that? I was only thinking that, among all the people I know, there is not another who would have done as much for me."

"You are hard upon the world," he answered.

"No, merely just in this instance. But how long have you been in Colchester?"

"I arrived by the twelve thirty-five."

"And have you had any lunch?"

"Yes, I ate at 'The Bald-faced Stag,' and afterwards called at your house, to be informed that you would not be at home till tea-time."

"That was right. Did you see anybody?" she asked jealously. "Anybody, I mean, besides Bates?"

"No one else, if Bates is the page-boy."

She appeared relieved.

"Well, where shall we go now? Would you care to walk somewhere? The environs of Colchester are not very pretty. We are surrounded by the military roads."

"Can't we stay here? The air is astonishingly mild, and it seems very quiet."

"It always is just at this hour. We can follow the path. It goes some distance by the river. Tell me, were you surprised when you got my letter?"

"I was honestly glad, at least."

"But now that you have come I hardly know what to say to you. When I wrote two days ago I was exasperated, desperate, and the end of all things seemed to have come."

"So bad as that?" he asked. "The strain has lifted then?"

"Very little. Do you remember our talks in Paris—that one particularly about the superfluous women, of whom I am one? Do you still hold the view that no human being is, or can be, superfluous; that we are all parts or units of a great plan?"

"Yes, I do hold that view," he answered, his face flushing at the idea that any words of his should have been remembered or cherished by her. "I am surprised that you should have remembered it."

"I forget nothing that happened in those days. As I told you, I have not so many friends that I can afford to despise the most sincere one I have ever met."

Secretan's face flushed anew, and his heart beat, but she appeared to notice nothing.

"It is astonishingly mild, as you say, for November, and this is the thirteenth, I remember, because it is my birthday. I am glad you came on my birthday. It is the best thing that has happened on it so far."

"Your birthday!" he repeated. "I wish I had known."

"I am glad you did not; I don't particularly welcome birthdays now. This is my twenty-ninth."

"It is impossible to believe you twenty-nine," he said, uttering the commonplace with the earnestness of conviction.

"It seems quite possible to me. To-day, I assure you, I feel many years older than twenty-nine."

"That is because you are brooding over some real or imaginary trouble."

"I have no imaginary troubles; all mine are real," she said sharply.

"Tell me some of them. If I can help you, I will. It is what I have come for."

"I wonder whether I dare! Heavens, what a relief it would be!" she cried passionately. "My chief object in writing was to ask whether you knew of any market where my few feeble qualifications would command a price. Listen, and you shall hear them. I am a good needlewoman; I

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can play the piano, sing passably, and make a few daubs with a brush. The only thing I can do really well is to keep house on limited means. I have inherited from my mother a sort of sixth sense which enables me to get the best possible value out of the most meagre materials. Do you know of any market for these wares?"

She smiled upon him a little mockingly, and observed actually for the first time how handsome he was.

"I want to hear first what has led up to this. If you grant me the rights of a friend, I may ask first what has happened to carve those fresh lines about your mouth?"

"Are there fresh lines? My stepmother is always insisting on my *passée* looks. Life—the life she and I share together—has suddenly become impossible; that is all."

"Life seemed intolerable to me when I got back to my parish," he said unexpectedly. "But I have lived it down."

"Ah, you are a man, and master of your fate!" she said bitterly. "Listen, and I will tell you my story. It will not take long, I promise you, and it is only by having patience to listen you will be able to understand."

"My father was a soldier," she began after a moment's pause; "and I have spent all my life in garrison towns. I was actually born in India, however, where my mother died when I was four years old. I never missed her; my father was more than ten mothers to me, and I was the happiest girl in the whole world until I was eighteen. We went for a trip abroad that year. My father's health needed bracing after his long Indian career, and we went to Les Avants for a couple of months. Do you know Les Avants?"

"No, I have never been to Switzerland."

"Well, it was there the tragedy of my life took place, at least the beginning of it; it was there we met the woman who wrecked my happiness, who got my father in her toils, and finally induced him to marry her. He was a brave soldier, but he was a very simple, high-minded gentleman, with old-fashioned, chivalrous ideas about women, and he had no chance against an adventuress. She was very pretty, with the helpless, appealing ways that attract men of a certain type, but after marriage she altered, and the misery began. She imagined, because my father was Colonel Revell, that he must be

a rich man, and when she found how actually poor we were she was furious. She simply lived her own life, made a lot of talk in the regiment with her flirtations with other men, while at home she was nothing more than a nagging demon, who drove my darling to despair. I was glad when he died. I believe he was worn out with the strain. I could not go into the details of these seven frightful years. I remained at home because I was the one comfort in my father's life. When he died Mrs. Revell affected to be very sorry for the past, and begged me not to leave her. I had no resources other than the small income I mentioned to you, and by joining forces we just managed to keep on the old house and to make a decent appearance. I had to take a share in the lease, so that I have been fast bound. It has been a horrible life. We have no tastes in common, her friends are not my friends, and the set she has about the house keep nice people away. I have tried to do my duty by the children, to be patient, tolerant, charitable. Do you follow me?"

"I follow quite. What you ought to have done was to have separated when your father died."

"Yes," she answered with a sigh. "One realises things too late; but reflect on my microscopic income and my meagre accomplishments! Besides, the old home was dear to me. Pride dies hard in the Revells. I could not bear to go out into the world like that. I am wiser now."

"How long has this unbearable condition of things lasted?"

"It will be three years next month since my father died."

"And now you feel that the arrangement must come to an end?"

She was silent a moment, and he observed her brave, sensitive mouth quiver. Her face had paled since they sat down, and her eyes were darkly shadowed.

"I have not told you everything. If your patience is not exhausted, I am coming to the reason why I must get away from my life here. Soon after my father died, a new regiment came to Colchester. As you do not know the life of garrison towns, you don't understand what a flutter the event makes in dovescotes, what possibilities are suggested, what hopes raised in expectant breasts. Among the newcomers was a man called Captain Hunt, who had an introduction

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to us from his aunt, Lady Arabella Hunt, who had been before her marriage a friend of my mother's. He was made very welcome, and became a constant visitor; in fact, every spare moment of his time was spent with us. Mrs. Revell thought at first he admired her; she is still a very pretty woman, looking younger than I, and her widow's dress gives her in the eyes of some a particular charm. But I knew that it was me he came to see."

Her voice dropped to a lower key, and a grey pall seemed to settle swiftly on Secretan's heart. Somehow he had not expected this, and for the moment there was something that was not sympathy in his eyes. But she had apparently forgotten or become indifferent to the effect she might produce. The whole woman was changed, her being instinct with the memory of the passion which had wrecked her life.

"I must tell you I have never been popular among women. I was brought up by men, and was always more at ease in their company. I liked Captain Hunt from the first day I saw him, and very quickly our friendship deepened into something warmer. I knew he loved me, though he often deplored his poverty, and said his circumstances would necessitate his marrying a rich woman. I only took it as a jest. For more than a year we were all the world to one another, pledged by every vow of constancy, and I would have gone to the world's end for him, or with him, without a question or a doubt. Looking back, now, I know how selfish he was all through; he did not care how people talked, and he was never careful as a good man is over the reputation of the woman he loves. I think I told you something of the lying and the cruelty of a garrison town. I suffered from it to the full, and had, besides, my stepmother's persecution in the background. I was only able to bear it because I was sure of Captain Hunt's love, and looked forward to the day when I should be his wife, and he would take me away from it all. Well, I am too long; let me hasten on. One day the bomb came. The regiment was ordered to India, and would you believe that, leaving before his company, Captain Hunt did not even bid me a personal farewell? He wrote a hurried letter from Southampton on the eve of embarkation, bidding me good-bye, regretting that it must be an eternal

one, and hoping I would forgive him for any pain he might have caused me, and that I would find someone worthier of me. You know the sort of letter a man like that can write to a defenceless woman."

Secretan leaped to his feet, and clenched his strong right hand, but Helen proceeded as if unaware of the interruption.

"It made a good deal of talk, of course, and I was under a cloud. I am under a cloud still. My stepmother did not help me at all. Her reproaches have sometimes driven me almost to the verge of desperation. And now it appears there is a chance of a second marriage for her, and she has indicated to me very plainly that she will be glad when I leave the house. She never knew just how I stood with Captain Hunt. She keeps on as if I had lost him through some stupid fault of my own."

"How bad it has been for you to live with that woman so long!" exclaimed Secretan. "That has been the grand mistake."

"Realised too late," she admitted. "We hate each other as only women can hate," she added with a faint, melancholy smile. "And now there is not even the semblance of courtesy between us. It is open warfare. You see, a great part of the things in the house belongs to me, my mother's silver, and some of the best furniture, which my father prized and left specially to me in his will. She says I can have nothing. But I see you are wearied with this sordid tale, and I will come back to the main issue. Where am I to go? Tell me what to do."

Secretan walked away from her for a few paces, appearing to ponder deeply. Watching him idly, she admired his fine figure, his manly air, and was strangely comforted by the idea of his strength. He was not one to leave a woman in the lurch; his nature, as well as his calling, would make him kind, helpful, and sincere.

Presently he came back and stood directly in front of her, a little pale, his face set in newness of purpose. Whatever counsel he had taken with himself appeared to be final.

"You said to me once in Paris, that I was one of the few who could befriend a woman without the eternal issue coming between, but you were wrong. I am just like other men. I love you. I want you. I have not been able to do my work for thinking about you. Will you be my wife?"

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]

Mimicry in Nature

By RICHARD KERR, F.G.S., F.R.A.S.

MIMICRY in nature is an exceedingly attractive department of study. It arouses our interest at every step. It presents the unexpected so vividly that we are startled, and for the moment we can scarcely believe our eyesight or the description that is submitted to us with its accompanying illustration.

Thomas Belt had many of these surprises in Nicaragua, owing to insects that looked like dead leaves, and others which appeared as green leaves and pieces of moss. W. H. Bates, the famous naturalist of the Amazon regions, was astonished repeatedly by finding insects that mimicked other insects of a different kind, and by those which appeared as inanimate objects; also by birds that closely resembled those of a different order. Alfred Russel Wallace was never more surprised than when he found that the Kallima butterfly he was chasing instantly closed its wings and posed exactly as a dead leaf. G. S. Taylor, who wrote "Birds of Honduras," actually shot several birds, curassows, as he believed them to be, but which on close examination proved to be hawks that resembled the other birds in all the chief details.

Gould, the author of the grandest work on birds ever issued, had great difficulty in seeing, in Australia, the dozens of warbling parrakeets which were perched on a single branch of a eucalyptus tree close by. The colours of their plumage harmonised with the leaves of the tree. Gregory, the famous naturalist, in East Equatorial Africa, was astounded when he came upon a large collection of blossoms, as he thought, which suddenly took flight! They were butterflies that simulated the flowers of the foxglove, or some such plant, for protection from birds. Recently, at a conversazione of the Royal Society, Lieut.-Colonel Charles T. Bingham exhibited a remarkable moth and its chrysalis case from Upper Burma. The pupa was fixed by its tail end to a branch and bore a striking resemblance to the head of a

snake. At another meeting of the same Society, in 1908, Mr. H. S. Leigh showed some living examples of the leaf insects found in the Seychelles. They afford a striking illustration of protective resemblance. They are not only similar to leaves in shape and colour, but in their peculiar movements imitate the shaking of the leaves. The resemblance to vegetable structures is carried still further, since the eggs bear a marked likeness in shape and colour to certain seeds.

Our British Buff-Tip moth, when its wings are closed, is mistaken frequently for a bit of dead wood. The Lappet moth has the lines and colour of the beech leaves on which it likes to rest. Many of our moths look so much like the bark of trees on which they are found that it takes an experienced entomologist to differentiate between the insects and the bark.

It would not be a difficult task to quote many other instances of mimetic resemblance, but these will suffice for the present to show that we are face to face with phenomena that are indisputable. Mimicry undoubtedly exists extensively in nature, and, as it presents unlimited points of fascinating interest, it supplies material for research and close observation.

At the outset it may be asked—What is mimicry, and how is it brought about or accounted for? Before entering upon any answer we must dismiss from our minds the thought that the creatures which mimic others have any power to alter or change, in any one way, their own condition. The insect, bird, or other creature cannot bring its will-power, instinct, or any other power it may possess of controlling its actions, to effect any change whatever in its shape or colour.

The word "mimicry" is more or less misleading. Owing to the poverty of our language, we have no word that adequately describes this particular phenomenon in nature. We speak of one species imitating another as if it were a conscious act. No supposition can be

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more absurd. Therefore no such idea must be entertained.

By mimicry, or mimetic analogy, is meant the fact that one creature often possesses a very close resemblance to some other creature, which is most frequently of a very distinct group. At times creatures are found which resemble inanimate objects. Mimicry, to some creatures, is a protection; to others it is of an aggressive value.

Dr. Wallace found in the Molucca Islands two species of honeysuckers which were mimicked by two species of orioles. "The imitation was carried out to the minutest particulars. The black orbits of the honeysuckers were copied by a patch of dark feathers around the eyes of the oriole, and even the very peculiar ruff of recurved feathers on the nape of the former had its general effect imitated by a collar of pale colour in the latter. The under and upper surfaces of the two birds were of the same tint, and, stranger still, the oriole had closely copied the mode of flight and the voice of its model, so that in a state of nature the two birds were practically undistinguishable."

In birds the strongest and bravest are most mimicked; and the weakest and most defenceless obtain advantage by imitating them. The honeysucker is well able to take care of itself, and if it should be in danger it can utter a variety of loud and piercing notes which will bring its companions to the rescue. Dr. Wallace has observed them drive away crows, and even hawks, which had ventured to perch on a tree where two or three of them had been feeding.

"The oriole is a smaller, weaker, less active, less noisy and less pugnacious bird; its feet have a less powerful grasp and its bill is less acute. It would, therefore, evidently be to the advantage of the more defenceless oriole to be mistaken for the honeysucker."

Mr. Bates has stated that in the Amazon regions he saw numerous groups of butterflies (the *Heliconida*) which, although slow-flying, are never persecuted by birds or dragon-flies, to which it might be supposed they would be an easy prey; nor, when at rest on the leaves, are they molested by lizards or predaceous flies,

which constantly devour butterflies of other families. They appear to owe this immunity from persecution to their offensive odour, which renders them unpalatable to the enemies of insects. Even when they are set out in the cabinet of the collector, they are less liable to be attacked by vermin than other specimens. Now, it is obvious that the more closely an inodorous butterfly of another species resembles one of the offensive *Heliconida*, the less likely will it be to be preyed upon by its natural enemies.

We come now to the next question—How is this mimetic resemblance brought about?

Before summarising the explanation that is generally given, I venture to state that no satisfactory definition or explanation has yet been formulated that will apply to *all* mimicking creatures. Bates is credited with the statement "that the intimate nature of the resemblance must be ascribed to the continued action of natural selection, by means of which the resemblance has been progressively accentuated."

Darwin's theory may be summed up as follows: "All animals, without exception, are liable to variation in form, colour, and size. Among insects, in particular, variations of marking and form are most frequent." And similar variations would occur in succeeding generations, those imitations which most closely resemble the model always being left, until at last, as in the instances already named, the remarkable result would follow that two insects, belonging to distinct families, would so closely resemble one another as only to be distinguishable by a close inspection of their structural peculiarities.

All variations, as already stated, are involuntary, and at present even their cause is unknown. "Variations occur both in wild and domestic animals, and are capable of hereditary transmission."

It is evident that those varieties that are protected in the most complete manner from their natural enemies are the most likely to survive and perpetuate their race.

It would appear that Darwin gave more consideration to the fact that varieties do actually occur in several classes of creatures, but more especially in the

MIMICRY IN NATURE



NO. 1.—TWO LITTLE BITTERNS, THE YOUNGER BIRD IN MIMETIC ATTITUDE (NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM).

insect world, than towards any explanation of the causes which bring about varieties in nature.

Possibly we are expecting too much when we ask for the cause of this or of that phenomenon. There are some problems which are not likely to be solved this side of the grave, but there are several connected with animal and plant life that ought not to remain unsolved very much longer. The problem presented by "mimetic resemblance" is one that may be considered as only partially worked out. Even Henry Drummond, in his fascinating chapter on "Mimicry" in "Tropical Africa," evades the question as to how these innumerable instances of mimetic analogy are brought about. He tells us of "lichens, mosses and fungi that are constantly taken as models by insects, that there is probably nothing in the vegetable kingdom—no

knot, wart, nut, mould, scale, bract, thorn or bark—which has not its living counterpart in some animal form"; but he does not satisfy our curiosity or our craving for knowledge by even venturing an opinion such as we expect from a traveller who has seen tens of thousands of mimetic instances.

He surprises us with his pronounced views of mimicry. "Mimicry," he says, "is imposture in nature. . . . There are to be seen creatures, not singly, but in tens of thousands, whose very appearance, down to the minutest spot and wrinkle, is an affront to truth, whose every attitude is a pose for a purpose, and whose whole life is a sustained lie. . . . Fraud is not only the great rule of life in a tropical forest, but the one condition of it." And again—"At the first revelation of all these smart hypocrisies one is inclined to brand the whole system as cowardly and false. And, however much the creatures impress you by their cleverness, you never quite get over the feeling that there is something underhand about it; something questionable and morally unsound."

We must not, however, take this esteemed author's expressions too seriously, but, instead, accept the advice given in his preface: "If the dust of science has been too freely shaken from certain chapters, the scientific reader will overlook it for the sake of an overworked public which has infinite trouble in getting itself mildly instructed and entertained



NO. 2.—THE BUFF-TIP MOTH: RESTING ATTITUDE.

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without being disheartened by the heavy pomp of technical expression."

If we refer to the accompanying illustrations, we shall find considerable evidence in support of the phenomena of protective mimicry. In the bird department of the Natural History Museum, Kensington, there are several instances of mimicry, and amongst the number the little bittern is a good example. Bitterns live in marshes. They are not experts in the art of flying, but they are good runners and climbers. The young birds may be seen climbing the reeds and other water plants endeavouring

his hand, and, when released, it went back with a spring-like action to its mimicking position. The underneath side, which, owing to its colour and lines, resembled the surrounding reeds, was always kept facing Mr. Hudson as he went round it. This is one of the very remarkable instances of the many and varied ways in which creatures endeavour to conceal themselves.

A very useful end is served by mimetic resemblance when it affords protection against natural enemies, either by concealment or disguise. The Buff-Tip moth (*Pygæra bucephala*), so abundant in many



No. 3.—THE COMMA MOTHS.

No. 4.—THE LAPPET MOTHS.

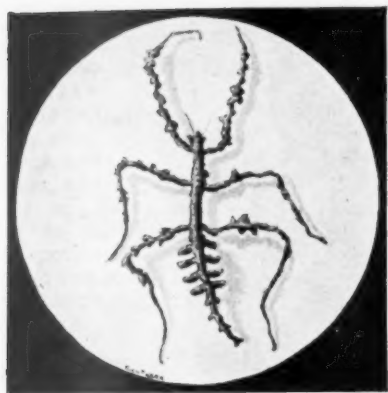
to conceal themselves by adopting an upright attitude with the beak held in a vertical line, with the body and the striped breast turned towards the spectator. In this way they appear like the adjoining reeds, and escape detection (Fig. 1).

Mr. W. H. Hudson, an observant lover of nature, was searching among the reeds for a young bittern which he had startled and which he knew must be quite close to him. He was about to give up the search, when to his amazement he saw it so close to him that he could touch it; and touch it he did, without its showing any signs of life. It stood grasping the plants and with its head and body as described. It then allowed the naturalist to bend its head down with

parts of England and Ireland, seems to enjoy immunity from its foes owing to this provision of nature. When at rest the wings are wrapped round its body in such a manner that the creature looks much more like a piece of wood than an insect. With a penknife and a bit of stick it would be possible in three minutes to fashion a very good imitation of it. It is shown in its usual resting attitude in Fig. 2.

Another instance of protective resemblance is afforded by a well-known insect which has the hind margins of all its wings more remarkably indented than those of any other British butterfly. It is described under three or four different names, e.g. the "White C butterfly," the "Comma," the "Vanessa C album," &c.

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NO. 5.—THE MOSS INSECT.

Two specimens are represented as among decayed leaves in Fig. 3. The under sides of the wings in some instances are uniformly dark brown, in others they are richly varied with different shades of brown and metallic green, while a third variety assumes a tinge of fulvous or tawny yellow. It will be seen that in all three instances the insects when resting display colours corresponding to those of different leaves. The insect possesses the shape of a comma or letter C on each of the hind wings, which accounts for its name.

The adjoining illustration (Fig. 4) represents the Lappet moth (*Lasiocampa quercifolia*). Owing to its colour and markings it is well disguised on the seared leaves of the beech tree.

Drummond, Wallace, and Belt have met with the "moss insect" in different parts of the world. Belt says in his "Nicaragua": "Another insect, of which I only found two specimens, had a wonderful resemblance to a piece of moss, amongst which it concealed itself in daytime, and was not to be distinguished except when accidentally shaken out; it is the larval stage of a species of *Phasma*." This insect is represented in Fig. 5. It will be noticed that the body and legs are knotted with prominences like those on moss. In this, as in many other instances, the full extent of the deception is not so pronounced as it would be if we could see the insect in its natural surroundings. If we could see it with several

others of its kind on a bank of moss, we should be unable to discover any of them unless they began to crawl about.

Our next instance of protective mimicry is from Venezuela. (See Fig. 6.) It is shown in the Natural History Museum among the fine collection of "Cryptic Resemblances." A few inches cut from the branch of a rose tree, with apparently its natural thorns, is labelled "The homopterous insect *Umbonia spinosa*, when at rest, bears a close resemblance to a rose thorn." The word "homopterous" implies that its wings are equal in size. The meaning of the word "spinosa" is self-evident, for if no indicating mark had been placed near the insect it would be reasonable to assume that all were thorns and nothing more!

I now come to two instances of remarkable resemblance, but, as opinions upon them differ very widely, I will avoid labelling them as "protective," though I firmly believe them to be so. The moth shown in Fig. 7 is found in Costa Rica, and is named *Caligo ilioneus*. The illustration shows the under side of the creature. The upper side of the wings is ornamented with velvetybrown and blue.

The moth when it appears in the evening, is liable to be attacked by small birds, which have a formidable enemy in the owl. The moth in fear makes for the nearest foliage and displays the under side of its body and wings. The small birds are scared



NO. 6.—AN INSECT (*UMBONIA SPINOSA*) RESEMBLING A THORN, VENEZUELA (NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, LONDON).

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away, and the moth escapes. It would be ridiculous to attribute any intention on the part of the insect, in this performance, to try to frighten its pursuer by its appearance as stated. The foregoing account is accepted as perfectly true by three or four naturalists of experience, and I submit it,

believing, as I have said, that it is an illustration—and a good one—of protective resemblance.

The next, around which there is a certain amount of doubt as regards its being a case of protective mimicry, is shown in Fig. 8. The chrysalis case of a moth new to science, and discovered by Colonel Waller-Barrow in Upper Burma is shown in two positions, together with the head of a snake, *Lycodon aulicus*, from the same district. The insect is named *Binsilla Barrowi*, and was exhibited recently at the Royal Society's conversazione. From the position of the pupa-case on the twig and from its general appearance it was thought to resemble a snake's head, and especially that of the snake shown, which is given to bird-eating.

Whether the passing bird would avoid the pupa because of its snake-like appearance, and thereby allow the moth to develop and go on its way free and unmolested, is a question which could only be settled by actual observation. Lieut.-Colonel Charles T. Bingham, who exhibited the specimens, and who has kindly allowed me to copy them, very fairly states that, with regard to what are called "protective resemblances," "the only sure test seems to lie, not in experimenting with captured lizards and caged birds, but



NO. 7.—THE OWL MOTHS (*CALIGO ILIONEUS*).

in patient watching and observations, repeated again and again, in the field and in the forest, of the behaviour of bird and lizard, pre-eminently the enemies of insects, when confronted in the course of their natural wanderings with cases of what we call protective mimicry."

Prof. E. B. Poulton, F.R.S., at the same meeting of the Royal Society exhibited what is looked upon as the most remarkable example of mimicry hitherto discovered. He showed several female insects of the African *Papilio dardanus*. The male of this well-known butterfly is a yellow, black-marked, long-tailed "swallow-tail." In Madagascar a very similar male of the allied *Papilio meriones* has a female much like itself, i.e. long-



NO. 8.—TWO VIEWS OF PUPA OF MOTHS (*BINSILLA BARROWI*); ALSO HEAD OF SNAKE (*LYCODON AULICUS*).

(Adapted from Hugh Main in Transac. Entomol. Soc., 1907 by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel C. T. Bingham.)

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tailed. But everywhere on the mainland of Africa, except in Abyssinia, the females are without the tail to the hind wing, and closely resemble distasteful butterflies belonging to the *Danainæ* plentiful in their districts, and in one instance the model belongs to the *Acracinaæ*. The most remarkable fact about the mimicry is that the females occur in the same locality in two, three or even four different forms, each resembling a different model.

We have already alluded to Bates's opinion with regard to insects which mimic offensive and odorous insects, noting that by such mimicry they are avoided by their foes. The exhibit by Prof. Poulton bears out Bates's observations. The females, minus the tails to their hind wings, and closely resembling offensive butterflies, would be more likely to be mistaken by their foes for the offensive ones and thereby escape detection. They would therefore remain to produce offspring.

Thomas Belt gives his experience, which agrees with that of Bates: "I had an opportunity in Brazil of proving that some birds, if not all, reject the *Heliconii* butterflies, which are closely resembled by butterflies of other families and by moths. I observed a pair of birds that were bringing butterflies and dragon-flies to their young, and although the *Heliconii* swarmed in the neighbourhood, and are weak of flight, so as to be easily caught, the birds never brought one to their nests."

The *Heliconii* are offensive, and therefore all insects that mimic them escape the attentions of their foes and gain many points in the struggle for existence.

My last illustration is of the *Hypsa monycha*. The caterpillars of the family of moths known by this name are plentiful in Singapore, and they are of a sociable temperament. They are evidently gregarious in an eminent degree. The prevailing colour is a rich crimson relieved by one white band. The head is dark green and the body is covered with hairs.

In a mysterious way a number of them appear to be impelled by a common understanding — call it instinct, if you wish — to climb the stem of a plant and to arrange themselves in a compact mass at its topmost point. (Fig. 9.)

Here they may readily be mistaken for an extra large raspberry or other succulent fruit. The rich colour and the division of the bodies of the caterpillars into segments emphasise the striking resemblance to a luscious fruit.

This is undoubtedly another illustration of mimicry, but it is by no means apparent that the creatures reap any advantage from the position they assume.

It might prove the very opposite, and be a source of danger,

should a bird given to fruit-eating pass in that direction.

There is another way in which to consider the point raised. If there should be in the neighbourhood of Singapore a fruit of this shape, and injurious to birds or other creatures, it might be an advantage to mimic that fruit. But as to this we are without information.

I am indebted to Mr. H. N. Ridley, of Singapore, who made the original drawing which is now in the Natural History Museum.



NO. 9.—CATERPILLARS OF THE MOTH *HYPSA MONYCHA*. SINGAPORE (NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, LONDON).

The Chivalry of Arnold Willoughby

A Complete Story

By SCOTT GRAHAM

ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY, having finished reading the letter, laid it down on his bachelor breakfast-table with a gasp, and pushed away his half-emptied plate. The epistle itself was breakfast enough for one morning!

He would have liked to believe the whole thing was only an unusually coherent dream. But, alas! that delicate lilac sheet, dated "Rose Cottage, April 2nd," and concluding "Yours, now and always, Mabel Westbrook," was only too real. Too real, also, was the fact that the writer, whom he had never even dreamt of marrying, and to whom he had never addressed one word of affection, had sent an answer to his "letter of yesterday," accepting the proposal of marriage it contained.

Yet he had never written any such letter to Miss Westbrook, and had no intention of proposing to her. They were on fairly intimate terms, but he had never viewed her as his future wife. Besides, he could not afford to marry yet; and Mabel, the only child of a widow with but a slender jointure, could contribute nothing towards the house-keeping.

And yet she wrote thus: "I cannot think how you can have guessed that I have loved you for a long time. I feel I may confess it now, after receiving your dear letter, which I shall always treasure. It is so good of you to say you have loved me since we first met. But you hid your secret so well that I should never have discovered it if you had not written to me."

Worse and worse! She was evidently really fond of him; and, believing the letter to be genuine, had not hesitated to say so. Reading her epistle again with close attention, he could not deny that it was the outpouring of a refined and noble nature, such as might make a lover who was really in earnest the happiest of men. But in the circumstances it was the bitterest of mockeries.

"I wonder she should imagine I should propose by letter, instead of boldly speaking out," he reflected irritably. "Besides, I've

fancied sometimes that that bounder, Harry Jackson, was dangling after her. But it's very plain she doesn't care for him. It's certain my supposed letter must have been a practical joke of the most contemptible kind. To settle it, I'll just write, as nicely as I can, and say so."

He sat down at his writing-table, dated a sheet with an air of stern decision, and wrote rapidly; then tore it up, and began afresh. For half an hour he sat there, filling sheets which all went into the waste-paper basket. For he was chivalrous and manly; and to deliberately write to a nice girl like Mabel, "Madam, you are willing to marry me, but I have not the slightest wish to marry *you*," seemed too brutal. She was the last girl in the world to fling herself at any man's head!

Ardently he wished he knew who the miscreant was who had perpetrated this most abominable of all vulgar hoaxes, that he might requite him as he deserved. "Your letter of yesterday!" Yes; of course, that was the first of April—to-day was the third. The joker had no doubt carefully chosen the date, that, if his deception should ever be revealed, he might pass it off as a harmless frolic!

"There's more in this than meets the eye," he mused, re-reading the unfortunate acceptance for the tenth time. "But why should any chap pitch on *me* as the victim of his malice? And I'll be sworn Miss Westbrook hasn't an enemy in the world! If she were a brazen flirt, I could understand it better. But she's so quiet and good I should have thought the most spiteful mischief-maker would have had the decency to let her alone!"

Mabel's own letter was undoubtedly genuine. It was stamped with her address, and he knew her neat handwriting.

"Well, it's a frightful dilemma," he thought, as with a puckered brow he rose to go out. "What on earth shall I do? I don't like to hurt the poor girl's feelings—and after this she'll expect me to go to see her, of course. And there's her mother, too!

THE CHIVALRY OF ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY

Oh, don't I wish I could start off to Australia this instant, and never come back again!"

As Fate would have it, Mabel was one of the first people he encountered as he hurried on his accustomed way to the suburban station, *en route* to his chambers in the Temple. By sheer force of habit he had seized his brief-bag and set forth as usual. She was doing the household shopping, and a man less acute than Arnold could not have failed to notice the intense joy which irradiated her pale face at sight of him. He had never thought her handsome before, though she was tall and graceful; but now her shining eyes and glowing cheeks transformed her into another girl.

She held out her hand, with a shy smile, without speaking. They had met near the entrance of one of the suburb's public gardens, and he asked her formally to turn in there for a moment.

The perspiration stood on his forehead as they seated themselves on a bench. She noticed nothing, for the glamour of happiness bathed all external objects for her. Oh, the bliss of knowing that this man, whom she had long worshipped in secret, was now her very own!

"I—I received your letter this morning,"



"For half an hour he sat there, filling sheets which all went into the waste-paper basket."

he stammered baldly. "When—when did you get mine?"

"Yesterday morning. And oh!—when I had read it——"

"Was it—was it very illegibly written?" he faltered. If he could only obtain a sight of it, it might give him some clue to the sender. Mabel knew his writing, for they had exchanged some letters about a dog which her mother had lost.

"It was typewritten—all but the signature," she answered, with a smile and a blush. "Would you like to see it again?"

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I have never allowed it out of my possession since it came, of course." She drew an envelope from her little handbag. "Even the address is typewritten! I thought, when I read it, how businesslike and methodical you were!"

He perused it attentively. It was cleverly worded, and bore no printed address, but only the date, "April the First." The phraseology was that of a chivalrous wooer, in some doubt how his ardent protestations would be received, but it concluded with a very definite and flattering offer of marriage.

"Why *did* you write?" she murmured, shyly fingering his sleeve. "Were you so afraid I should refuse you that you dared not ask in person? You need not have been, Arnold. As I told you, you've always been my ideal man, ever since we first met."

He hoped she did not notice his coldness. "I—I fancied you had a liking for Harry Jackson," he muttered. "At least, he was pretty often at your house, and you played tennis together."

She flushed indignantly. "How could you imagine such a thing? He threw himself in my way, but I never gave him any encouragement. I don't like him. He's not a bit like you, for you're always so kind and good! You were so thoughtful, and so generous to the lads at the Club, and always took the part of people who couldn't stick up for themselves. It was that which first made me love you, I think."

He groaned inwardly. Was ever man so sorely perplexed? Which road was the pathway of honour? To assume an affection he did not feel, and so make Mabel happy; or to brutally tell her the truth, and cast her rudely down from the seventh heaven of bliss?

He jumped up, afraid to remain longer, lest he might betray himself. "I—I really must go," he gasped; "I—I've an important case at the Courts. Sorry to leave you, but—"

"I'm sorry too, dearest," she said simply. "But if you must, you must! I'm so glad we happened to meet this morning; and, of course, you'll come and see mother to-night. We dine at seven—and I shall count the minutes till we meet again."

She could not kiss him in that public place; but as she stood there, all her pure

soul revealed in her honest grey eyes, he read in them a deathless love. Evidently she had no doubt of his sincerity, and had not noticed that he had not bestowed one single word of affection upon her.

Arrived in town, he never entered the Law Courts, but, with his outer door fastened against the entire world, sat down and did a whole day's hard thinking. His meeting with Mabel had complicated the situation enormously. Perhaps if he had not met her face to face, not heard from her own lips how much she loved him, he might have nerved himself to write, explaining the cheat, and declining to hold her to a promise obtained under false pretences.

But now that he had seen her with that intense happiness shining in her eyes, he felt he could no more endure to shatter her dream than to be cruel to a defenceless little child. For she had told him to his face that she loved him, and her woman's self-respect could never recover such a blow as having made that avowal unasked. Women of Mabel's type would rather die than make advances to any man.

The letter had been no guide to the enemy who had done this thing. The signature might have been his own, it was so accurate and firmly traced. Probably the wretch who had conceived this vile plot had had a specimen before him to copy. The postmarks were those of "London, W.," and the suburb, and told nothing. Perhaps a skilled detective might have found a solution of the problem; but then it would be needful to obtain the letter from Mabel, and if the slightest hint of any doubt were ever breathed Arnold felt sure there would be an end to her peace of mind at once.

He decided matters must remain as they were. As Mabel truly said, "He always took the part of people who couldn't stick up for themselves," and his chivalrous nature revolted at the idea of wrecking the whole life's happiness of a loving, trusting woman. Poor girl, she had done nothing to deserve such a blow!

But he must candidly tell her he could not afford to marry for years, and if she objected to waiting there must be an end of their engagement. Yet he knew beforehand what her answer would be: that she would willingly wait, as Sophy waited for Traddles in "David Copperfield."

Which it was.

THE CHIVALRY OF ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY

Arnold had suggested that, as their engagement must be very long, it would be better not to say much about it, except to the relations on both sides. But in a gossiping suburb things soon leak out. When a young man and maiden walk home together from church, and he carries her racket and shoes to the tennis club, and goes to supper at her mother's house afterwards, people draw their own conclusions.

Arnold, to his own secret amazement, played the part of accepted suitor well enough. At any rate, Mabel never complained of any lack of devotion. She herself, when her first shyness had worn off, revealed more of her inner nature daily. An only child, it was such a novelty to have a man she loved to confide in that she could keep none of her girlish secrets from him. If he learned nothing else during his courtship, he learned what the mind of a thoroughly good and pure woman is like. The revelation almost startled him; he felt himself so far below that white innocence.

And to think that all this treasure of unselfish devotion was his only through a vile trick! He writhed whenever he reflected that some accident might yet reveal the truth to her. Then, of course, she would angrily repulse him. She was not the sort of girl to allow any man to marry her out of pity, or from a sense of duty. He fervently hoped, for her sake, that the fraud might never be revealed.

One day Mabel, musing happily after the fashion of engaged girls, was

crossing a meadow not far from her mother's house, when she perceived Harry Jackson approaching her. Though he was not by any means repulsive in appearance, having handsome, marked features, and wearing clothes of the latest fashion, her brow clouded at the sight. He was a young solicitor in the place, being in partnership with his father, who had a lucrative practice.

He stopped as he came up, and stood pulling at his ruddy moustache; so that she felt constrained to stop also. But she blushed as she held out her hand; for he had proposed to her only a few days before Arnold did so, though the fact was only known to their two selves. She had decisively rejected him, and this was the first time they had met since.



"Have you a typewriter at your London chambers, Willoughby?"—p. 29.

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He looked at her keenly as they shook hands. She had always felt a vague dislike and distrust of the young man.

"I—I heard a piece of news about you last night, Miss Westbrook," he abruptly began. "I've been away in Paris for ten days. They say you're engaged to Arnold Willoughby."

"I am," was her quiet answer.

"Surely it's a very sudden thing?" he resumed, without offering any congratulations.

"Sudden, Mr. Jackson? What do you mean?"

"I mean, nobody expected it. When a man wishes to marry a girl, he usually pays her a lot of attention beforehand—as I did to you," he added bitterly.

"Surely there is no need to refer to that now, Mr. Jackson?" said Mabel, with dignity. "And I fail to see what concern Mr. Willoughby's conduct before our engagement is of yours. If I am satisfied, that is enough."

He scanned her face again with his prominent blue eyes. "I could have declared, when you rejected me, that you had no intention of marrying him," he blurted out audaciously.

"How could you possibly tell what was in my mind? We had been—friends—for a long time, and when his letter came——"

"Ah! then he proposed to you by letter?"

"Yes; if it interests you to know it. But I had not intended to tell you so. Once for all, I assure you I am very, very happy in my engagement, though we may have to wait some time before marrying."

"I should think so! A briefless barrister, with his way to make, must think twice before taking a wife! It isn't good enough for you, Mabel," he passionately added. "You'd much better take me instead! I'd be very kind to you, and give you everything you wished; and I could marry at once, and offer you a good home. Say you'll think better of it. Willoughby isn't worthy of you—he isn't, indeed! If you knew as much about him as I do, you'd say the same!"

She drew back haughtily. "You forget yourself, Mr. Jackson! Nobody shall speak disparagingly of my promised husband in my presence! Henceforth I must decline your acquaintance."

She turned and walked homewards at a swift pace, leaving him muttering angrily behind her. She ascribed his behaviour to

jealousy; but, nevertheless, his manner vaguely alarmed her. He seemed to hint at some discreditable secret connected with Arnold; and though, of course, it was impossible her beloved could ever have been guilty of misconduct, still it was disquieting to think he should have an enemy.

Going one evening to Rose Cottage at his accustomed hour, Arnold found that Mabel had not yet returned from a working party which was held at the Vicarage. Mrs. Westbrook said she expected her back every minute, and then led Arnold with an air of mystery into her little drawing-room.

"I'm so glad you came in first, for I'm in a difficulty, and I want you to advise me. This letter for Mabel came by the afternoon post," producing an envelope such as bills are generally sent in. "I saw the address was typewritten, but I hadn't my glasses, and, not noticing it was addressed 'Miss Westbrook,' I tore it open, thinking it was only a tradesman's account. And now—well, read for yourself. I can't make it out at all. Is it a practical joke—or what?"

It bore neither heading nor signature, but only that day's date; and, like the envelope, was typewritten.

"Ask Arnold Willoughby whether he wrote that letter which purported to come from him, making you an offer of marriage."

His brow grew very dark. This must emanate from the same malicious enemy who had written the spurious proposal. The motive this time was clear enough: to sow dissension between him and Mabel.

"Surely it doesn't mean that you never wrote to propose to Mabel at all?" cried the poor mother, as he did not speak.

"It's a vile, anonymous insinuation, not worth thinking about," he stoutly declared. "Take no notice of it at all, Mrs. Westbrook. And, above all things, never tell Mabel. It was a blessing, as it turns out, that you opened it instead of her. I wouldn't have her see it for worlds."

"But who could have written it? And what is the meaning of it?" persisted the bewildered lady.

"Who wrote it I have no idea. I only wish I could trace the writer! But its object, there's no doubt, is to make mischief by putting it into Mabel's head that I do not care for her."

THE CHIVALRY OF ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY

"How shameful! You *did* write to propose to her, didn't you? She never showed me the letter, but I always understood it was expressed in the most flattering terms. I shall never forget how delighted she was when it came, Arnold."

"Mabel deserves all—and more—than was said in that letter. She is a treasure I find more precious every day," he said warmly. And the fond mother, lost in happy reminiscences, never noticed that he had not actually stated that he did write the letter.

"What shall we do about this?" she asked presently, reverting to the earlier subject. "As you say, anonymous letters only deserve contempt. Shall we tear it up?"

"No; don't do that," he said, taking it from her hand. "On no account tell Mabel anything about it. But I'll keep it, if you'll allow me, to see if I can't find out something more about it."

Accordingly, nothing was said to Mabel when she came in; and they spent a happy evening, sitting in the garden amid the dew-laden flowers. If every now and then the thought of that spiteful document hidden away in his breast-pocket intruded itself like the serpent into Eden, Arnold resolutely choked it down.

It was rather later than usual when he quitted the house. At the gate he almost ran into another man, whom he recognised in the dusk of the summer night as Harry Jackson.

"Hullo, old chap! I haven't seen you for an age!" effusively exclaimed the young solicitor. "I've been dining with the Tracys, and came round this way home. It seems a shame to go in, such a jolly night."

"I've been spending the evening at the Westbrooks', as usual," observed Arnold.

"As usual! Then the gossiping old cats of this place have been spreading false reports once more; for I was told as an absolute fact that your engagement was broken off!"

"Why, it has only just been announced. Who can have set such an absurd story afloat?"

"Oh, don't ask me! The person who told me professed to have heard it in the train. But you know what this place is for gossip. So I may congratulate you as the future husband of Miss Westbrook, beyond all doubt?"

"Certainly you may."

"But there are such things as lovers' quarrels!"

"Well," laughed Arnold, "it will be time enough to worry about them when they come. I've no fear myself. This is your way, isn't it? Good-night!"

On reaching home he devoted some time to a close scrutiny of the mysterious letter. He would have given a great deal to be able to compare the paper and envelope with that of the previous one. But that was now Mabel's most prized possession, and he could not ask to see it without arousing her suspicions. He remembered, however, that the postmark of the former was "London, W.," whereas this was stamped "Reading."

But the large sheet of paper had no watermark save the date of that year, and the envelope was such as is sold in hundreds of thousands for business purposes, and, like the typewritten address, afforded not the slightest clue.

Whoever his enemy might be, he was a very cunning one.

The following Saturday afternoon the lovers were at the tennis club. They were sitting near the pavilion, watching an exciting match, when Mr. Foster, one of the curates, who took an active part with Arnold in the management of the local Lads' Club, came up. He began to talk about a meeting which would shortly be held to discuss certain affairs in connection with it.

"We really must make some better arrangement with the landlord about the premises before quarter day; but it's so hard to get all the subscribers together in summer. A notice in the parish magazine and another on the Club-room door have had no effect at all. We really ought to send out some typewritten circulars; only there's the expense, and the Club's so poor! I wish some kind friend would do them for us! Have you a typewriter at your London chambers, Willoughby?"

"No," responded Arnold, forgetting for the moment the transforming effect a certain typewritten letter had had on his life; "I haven't, and I can't do typewriting at all, for I've never learnt. Otherwise, I'd gladly help you."

The curate went off, to besiege somebody else; and Arnold, interested in the set, never noticed that Mabel sat as still as a mouse. With a woman's quickness, she at



"Harry's father, an urbane old man, expressed his regret at his son's absence."

once noticed the admission her lover had made. If he had never learnt to use a typewriter, it was obvious he could not have written the pressing offer of marriage which had reached her, signed with his name! The thought shot like a bolt of ice through her heart. At the time, even in the first flush of her new happiness, she had thought it a little odd that his proposal should be typed instead of written by hand. But she had accepted it as just a little fad of Arnold's, knowing that typewriters are now extensively used by the legal profession. Now that she thought of it she remembered that he had never sent her anything since that was not in his ordinary handwriting.

But if he had not written that all-important letter, who had?

She was not a girl to speak hastily; but for the rest of that day she was on thorns. Twenty times during the following days

she was on the point of asking her lover what was the real history of that letter. And as often the words died on her tongue, partly from fear of offending him, and partly from some unconfessed dread of hearing some unpleasant news.

Arnold scarcely noticed the change in her, for just then he received the first really important brief he had ever had, and had not so much time to spend with his betrothed, as the case entailed great research.

But the following Saturday he managed to get round to the tennis club in time for tea, which Mabel and her mother were giving, the members taking it in rotation. He had hardly set foot in the place when the bustling Mr. Foster grabbed him joyfully.

"I'm awfully glad to tell you I've settled it about those circulars I wanted for the Club. Jackson, like a good fellow, has had them done in his office, and done well, too.

THE CHIVALRY OF ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY

He has a typewriter, and I only wish I'd thought of asking him before. Here's a copy: you'd better take it and tell me if it'll do, before they're addressed and sent out."

He thrust a sheet of paper on Arnold, who took it with a smile as the curate rushed off to greet some arriving ladies. Harry Jackson had never been one of the helpers of the Lads' Club, and it was something new for him to pose as a philanthropist. However, any help was welcome, and Arnold felt duly grateful.

He soon forgot all about it, for between Mabel and his all-important brief his mind was fully occupied. He was not quite satisfied all was well with her, though, woman-like, she protested there was nothing the matter. It was not until he was going to bed that, putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out the typewritten circular.

The texture of the paper caught his attention. It was thick, good paper. Where had he seen some just like it? And it had the date of that year as a watermark. With hands that trembled, he drew the anonymous letter recently sent to Mabel from his despatch-box and compared it with the circular.

The paper was exactly the same, and so was the typing. Different makes of typewriters vary somewhat in the size and spacing of the letters, but the circular and Mabel's letter might well have been struck off the same machine. Nor did he doubt that they had. He remembered how Jackson had been Mabel's unsuccessful wooer, and how curiously eager he had been, that night they met outside Rose Cottage, to hear whether the engagement had been broken off. He had doubtless sent the forged proposal in the first instance, expecting Arnold would repudiate it, and so humiliate Mabel. And, disappointed in this, he had tried to work mischief by the anonymous letter.

The postmark of the second letter was "Reading." Now, if he could discover whether Jackson or any of his clerks had been at Reading on the day indicated by the postmark the evidence would be complete.

He delayed his departure to town half an hour on Monday morning, and went to Mr. Jackson's office, determined, if he saw him, to tax him with being, at all events, the author of letter No. 2. But the clerk who came forward announced that Mr. Harry

Jackson was not in. Would he like to see the old gentleman instead?

Probably Mr. Jackson senior would not have been flattered by the designation, but Arnold said he should. He was therefore ushered into the senior partner's private room, where Harry's father, an urbane old man, expressed his regret at his son's absence. "He has gone over to Reading on business."

"To Reading?" stammered Arnold.

"Yes; he's had to go backwards and forwards several times lately about some house property we have to look after there. Would you like to leave a message?"

"Thanks, I—I'll call again," said Arnold, and went out completely satisfied. Cunning as Harry Jackson had been, circumstances had combined to reveal his guilt.

Arnold had an interview with him on his return, informing him that if he ever dared to address a letter to Mabel again her lover would take legal measures to stop the annoyance. Jackson tried to bluster feebly, and talked of defamation of character; but nothing could move Arnold, and on his father's death shortly afterwards Harry went to establish himself in London, contemptuously saying the suburb was too dull for anything.

At length Mabel could bear the suspense no longer, but confessed to Arnold that she could not understand about the authorship of his proposal to her. He had never intended to tell her of Jackson's treachery, as that would mean acknowledging he had not written the letter. But now he was compelled to tell her the whole story, mentally blaming himself for the incautious slip which first aroused her suspicions.

"But we ought to bless Jackson after all, my darling, instead of hating him," he concluded. "I decided, when I received your letter, there was only one course to take, for it wasn't fair you should be the sufferer for an abominable practical joke. No! Stop till I've finished! I've been rewarded a thousand times over by finding out what a splendid, noble girl you are! I couldn't live without you now! Our engagement has taught me to love and reverence you above all earthly things. With you for my own dear wife I've no fear of the future!"

And she sobbed out her intense joy and relief in his arms.

"Remember the Sabbath Day"

By DENIS CRANE

"OUR Sunday," wrote Coleridge, a century ago, "may be considered as so much Holy Land, rescued from the sea of oppression and vain luxury, and embanked against the fury of their billows."

The poet's simile not only reminds us of the essentially sacred nature of the English Sunday, but also indicates the two main dangers by which, in our own time not less than in his, it is persistently assailed. If the passage of a hundred years has marked any change, it is perhaps that the billows have weakened the embankment, and insidious streams of oppression and vanity have percolated through. And the prophets declare that unless these streams be stopped and the breaches repaired inundation and disaster will shortly ensue.

The Invasion of the Sabbath

Certainly there never was a time when what is known as the Sunday question was more grave or called more urgently for embankment-builders to defend the land of rest and worship from encroachment. The most careless individual who has five-and-twenty years of observation behind him cannot but have noted, in London at least, not merely a growth of pleasure-seeking and holiday-making on the Lord's Day, but a blatant, vulgar desecration of its most treasured principles, which neither necessity nor the public good can be said to justify.

One may cite in particular the holding—ostensibly in the musical and recreational interests of the people, but really for the enrichment of individuals who would prostitute even the elements and offices of religion itself to the same base purpose if they could—of concerts, variety entertainments, and the like, in workmen's clubs; and the turning of every vacant railway arch and empty shop into a pandemonium of bioscopes, phonographs and indecent picture-machines. The former sap the moral vitality of honest workmen and their wives, while the latter do the same saturnine

service for their sons, and turn loose upon the streets troops of rowdy youths who are a menace alike to the peace and quietness of the householder and to the safety of the pedestrian.

To Save the Day of Rest

The gravity of the situation is reflected in the number of societies that have sprung into existence with the laudable object of resisting these unhappy influences, and of reminding the British public that not merely on the ground of man's duty to his Maker, but also on that of his duty to himself, must the principle of One Day's Rest in Seven be maintained. Though not losing sight of the higher aspect of the day, most of these societies base their appeal upon the needs of our physical nature. High scientific authority is quoted on the necessity of periodical seasons of rest if our national virility is to remain unsapped. And, as against those who urge that international competition demands unremitting industry throughout the whole week, the famous words of Macaulay are often cited:

"While industry is suspended," said he, "while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labours on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour."

One of the foremost movements of the kind is the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, founded in 1857 "to secure to the people their natural and Scriptural right to the rest of the Lord's Day." This admirable society has to-day an annual income of about seventeen hundred pounds, but during its early years it was a question whether it would live or die, its entire receipts during the

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY"

first six years amounting to only five hundred and sixty-five pounds. It has circulated nearly eleven million publications, and has arranged for the preaching of over nine thousand sermons and the giving of fifteen hundred illustrated lectures; while its public meetings, including the largest Sunday observance demonstrations ever held in London, have been too numerous to mention. To speak of its influence on the legislature and on public movements of various kinds would occupy too much space; it is enough to add that Mr. Charles Hill, its secretary, never allows an opportunity of usefulness to pass by unutilised.

Then there is the Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day. This was founded still earlier, in 1831, its objects being similar to those of the society above mentioned. It relies chiefly upon the circulation of books and pamphlets, the establishment of local branches, and upon petitions to Parliament. Incidentally it may be mentioned that in its office, 20, Bedford Street, W.C., is a library of some two hundred and fifty volumes dealing with every aspect of the Sunday question, while its portfolios contain exhaustive data gathered from all sources.

The Sunday Lay Movement, founded more recently by Mr. Thomas Kingscote, M.V.O., promotes like objects, but is directed entirely by laymen. It claims that the duty of preserving Sunday as

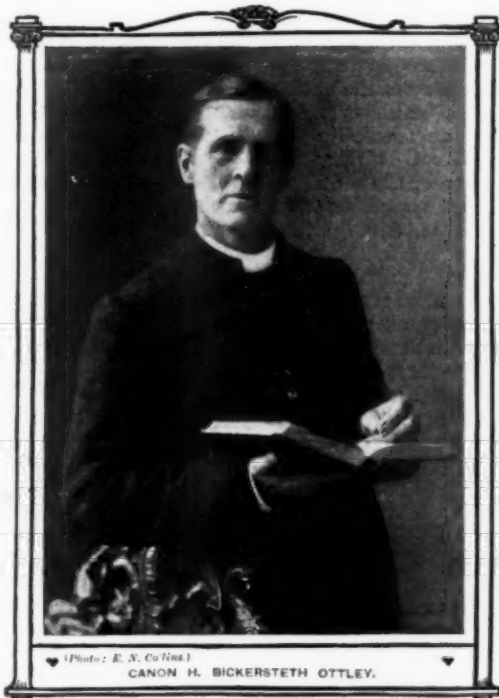
a day of rest and worship depends chiefly for its effective discharge upon the personal example and influence of individuals. It has been of special utility among the upper classes. Some idea of the rapidity of its growth will appear from the fact that, whereas in 1901 it had a membership of seventy only, to-day it runs into many thousands. Its progress during the last few years has been specially notable. In 1904-5 it increased

from two to twelve thousand, and in 1905-7 from twelve to thirty-seven thousand.

This by no means exhausts the list of organised embankment-builders striving to keep back "the sea of oppression and vain luxury." Latterly an attempt has been made to unify all these activities with a view to their greater efficacy. The effort has taken the form of an Imperial Sunday Alliance; which is not, as its enthusiastic secretary, Canon

H. Bickersteth Ottley, is careful to remind you, a new Sunday observance society, but an Alliance to promote federated action throughout the Empire.

The Alliance is largely the outcome of the report of the Advisory Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference of 1905, and of the National Conference at Caxton Hall, Westminster, in the following year. At its inception it had the support of the three foremost representatives of national Christianity, who published a memorable "message"



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to the nation setting forth the principles now embodied in the movement. And it still enjoys the confidence, as it also embodies the ideals, of all sections of the Church.

Canon Ottley Explains the Alliance

In an interview he accorded a representative of *THE QUIVER*, at the temporary office of the Alliance, at 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, Canon Ottley gave some interesting particulars of the aims and propaganda of the Alliance. Its fundamental principles, he explained, were (1) that it is essential to the physical, industrial and moral efficiency of the nation to preserve One Day in Seven as a day of rest; (2) that having regard to the laws and statutes of Great Britain, and to the immemorial usage of Christendom, the weekly Day of Rest should be that commonly called Sunday; and (3) that it is the duty of the State to safeguard the highest interests of the people by such legislation as shall secure for all classes of the community their Sunday rest; and to reduce all Sunday labour to the *minimum* consistent with the exigencies of necessity and mercy.

An important part of the work of the Alliance, he said, was to co-ordinate the strong body of public opinion already existing. With this object it actively co-operates with the various Trade Associations of the country, upwards of a hundred of which have definitely expressed their sympathy with the objects of the movement. For many years the rightful claim of every toiler to One Day's Rest in Seven has been increasingly ignored and encroached upon. Isolated action has from time to time been taken in the interests of now one and now another section of industry and business, and quite recently Bills have been introduced to abolish or to reduce to the lowest possible minimum all unnecessary and unjustifiable Sunday labour, in the case, for example, of shop assistants, publicans and their employes, the police, workers in woollen and silk factories, &c. Parliamentary committees have also issued reports and recommendations, but all without effect; while the Weekly Rest-Day Bill recently introduced in both Houses of Parliament has for the moment proved

abortive. The reason for this non-success, he contends, is the lack of centralised mutual co-operation between the various societies and associations of workers. The efforts hitherto have been sectional, isolated, single-handed. Hence they have failed.

English legislation, Canon Ottley points out, is far behind that of many foreign countries on this question; its inefficacy lying chiefly in the fact that it tries to enforce the religious observance of Sunday rather than its observance as a rest-day. As an example of the way in which the existing laws are evaded or ignored, he cites the case of one borough which derives a yearly revenue of more than a thousand pounds from the fines collected on Monday mornings from shopkeepers who frankly make a practice of opening their shops on Sunday. Those who care to study the subject in greater detail are referred to the "Reports from His Majesty's Representatives abroad as to Legislation in Foreign Countries respecting a Weekly Rest-Day," obtainable from the usual Parliamentary printers.

An Imperial Movement

Asked as to the adoption of the word "Imperial," Canon Ottley said its use had been already more than justified by the co-operation received from distant parts of the Empire. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, for instance, writing last autumn, said, "Allow me to say how in various parts of South Africa I discovered the benefit of your great movement." Moreover, by taking advantage of the presence of the two hundred and forty-three bishops and archbishops from all parts of the world assembled at the Lambeth Conference, the Canon secured the consent of thirty-four Colonial, Indian, and Australian dignitaries to stand as vice-presidents of the Alliance.

As an example of the work being done, reference may be made to the action taken by the Alliance in regard to the employes at the L.C.C. Barking Sewer Works, who have only one clear Sunday off in the year. A deputation from the seventy-two flushers employed in the works appeared before the committee; the Canon personally investigated the conditions of their work, and steps, which

THE LOST SHEEP

it is hoped will shortly prove successful, have been taken to obtain for the men a restoration of their rights.

Canon Ottley tells, by the way, a pathetic story of how the loss of the day of rest is detrimental to the ideals of family life. He called at the house of a 'busman who, instead of the usual Sunday, was allowed every eighth day, whenever it might happen to fall, as a holiday. The good man on this occasion was at work. His little child climbed upon the visitor's knee and began to prattle. "And so," said the Canon, "you don't often see your daddy?" "No, sir," interposed the mother, "only on his eighth day"; adding, "Of course, she sees him every night, sir. He wakes her up every night at twelve, when he comes in." "And don't you think it unkind of daddy to wake you up in the night?" asked the Canon of the child. "No," was the answer, "I loves my dadda."

The incident affords the reverend gentleman a good excuse for expatiating on the evils of a system which necessitates the disturbing of a child's sleep if it is to know anything of paternal intercourse and affection.

A striking feature of the Alliance is that it has so far been maintained and its work carried on almost entirely

through the extraordinary disinterestedness of Canon Ottley. Although he has associated with him two other joint-secretaries, almost the whole of the burden of work falls upon his shoulders. And from the outset he has borne it without monetary remuneration or reward. When the Alliance was started he was Vicar of South Norwood, with a parish of upwards of thirteen thousand souls, three successful churches, and a large staff of assistants. The work of the movement was such, however, that he had to choose between resigning his position as vicar or his secretaryship of the Alliance. The former held prospects of preferment and increased emoluments; the latter none save hard work. To the Canon's honour, be it said, he unhesitatingly chose the rougher of the two roads. As the Alliance is entirely dependent upon voluntary subscriptions, having no other source of income whatever, the work, but for his noble sacrifice of time and money and strength, could not have been carried on.

Canon Ottley hopes that the value of the service which the Alliance is rendering will gradually win it an increasing body of public support and enable it to develop new departments which he has already planned. Readers of *THE QUIVER* will wish him unimpeded success.



THE LOST SHEEP

UNTIL He find it! Ay, despairing soul,
Who standest watching through the weary years,
In trembling dread, eyes dimmed by blinding tears,
O yearning heart! Ne'er dreaming that the whole
Of thy great love is but the scantiest dole
To the Good Shepherd's store. Thy straining ears
Catch not a single footfall; and thy fears
Have kept thy steps from gaining Faith's glad goal.

Look up! Look up! One hath gone after it
Out in the wilderness and howling wind.
The night is dark, but His sweet eyes are lit
By fires of quenchless love. Death cannot bind,
Nor bar His way! The quest He will not quit;
For, lo, He seeks His sheep—until He find!

KATE MELLERSH.

The Legacy

A Complete Story

By J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee Macgregor," Etc.

PRECISELY as the five o'clock steamer passed the cottage Mrs. McBean set the freshly filled kettle on the fire. After a glance at the tea-table, with its abundance of homely fare, she stepped across the kitchen to the window. Peter ought to be in sight immediately, and on this spring evening she was particularly anxious to catch a glimpse of his face ere he reached the cottage. Her right hand, browned and withered, was laid against the shutter as if for support; her left was pressed to her breast, whence came, as she heaved a sigh, a faint rustle of paper.

She hoped—she almost prayed—that her husband might return as cheerful of humour as he had left her that morning, when he had taken the steamer to Glasgow in order to receive payment of a legacy of two hundred and fifty pounds bequeathed to him by a cousin who, having made a small fortune in Canada, had died there, remembering at the last his old home and sundry of his old friends. She had smiled happily on Peter as he set out to catch the early steamer, bidding him hasten home again to assure her that the much discussed legacy was really a fact; and now she almost dreaded his return.

The kettle began to "sing," and she started at the familiar sound. Peter ought to have rounded the bend of the shore-road by now. Had he missed the steamer? Had he been stopped by some of the village gossips? It was not fair of him when he knew she was waiting to be assured that the money was real.

"Haste ye, Peter," she murmured, and then remembered the paper at her breast. How a bit of flimsy paper with a few lines of writing can blight one's whole world of satisfaction!

Mrs. McBean gave a shiver, and her sight became blurred. When she had wiped her eyes she saw her husband. He came along briskly, jauntily for an

old man to whom rheumatism was no stranger. He waved one hand and patted his chest significantly with the other. She waved also, and felt the paper in her bosom. She turned abruptly from the window. The kettle was boiling, and she was glad to have something to do.

Peter entered the kitchen, chuckling, and banged the door behind him.

"See what I was buyin', Marget," he cried. "Ye'll be upsides wi' yer neebours noo!"

"Oh, Peter!" she whispered, staring at the small packet he had pushed into her hand. "Oh, Peter, what's this?"

"Look an' see!" he returned, with a great hearty laugh.

With awkward fingers she removed the white paper, uncovering a white box.

"Oh, Peter!" she whispered once more, and opened the box. It contained, resting on cotton wool, a big gold brooch set with a single amethyst, an old-fashioned ornament, but dazzling to her eyes. She said never a word.

"I was thinkin' it was high time ye had a bit joolry forbye yer chain," said Peter pleasantly. "Hoo dae ye like it, auld wife?"

"Oh, Peter, ye're ower guid to me," she said, at last, striving to keep back the tears. "I wasna needin'—"

"D'ye no' like it?"

"Ay; I like it, but—but I dinna ken what to say to ye, Peter. I—I hope it didna cost an awfu' heap o' siller. But it—it's rale bonny, Peter; it's rale braw, an'—an' I'm that prood to get it. Did—did it cost an' awfu'—"

"Tits, wife! Never heed aboot that. If ye like it, that's an end to the story. I've aye wanted ye to ha'e as braw a brooch as Mistress Macadam, an' I believe I've got ye a brawer! An' I brocht the money to let ye see it afore it gangs to the bank. Ye can coont it yersel', efter we've had wur tea. Is't near ready?"



"He waved one hand and patted his chest significantly with the other. She waved also, and felt the paper in her bosom."

"Jist ready. The money was a' richt, Peter?"

"Every penny. I've been blessin' puir Geordie a' the road hame."

"Ay; I wish Geordie could ken what he's done for us. Sit doon, Peter. Ye'll be hungry."

"Try on yer brooch, Marget."

"Oh, na, na. I'll keep it for the Sawbath."

"Try it on noo. Never heed yer auld claes."

As she fastened it at her neck, to please him, the paper under her bodice rustled, and her wet eyes grew fearful. But Peter was looking at the brooch.

"My! it suits ye fine! Keep it on till efter we've had wur meat," he said, and began to cut bread, while she poured out tea.

A little later he noticed that she was eating nothing.

"What ails ye, wife?" he demanded.

"Are ye no' weel?"

"I'm fine, Peter, I'm fine," she answered hurriedly.

"Ye're no' lookin' extra fine. Ye dinna look as if yer man had come hame wi' twa hunner an' fifty pound in his pooch. Eh? Are ye no' pleased wi' yer brooch?"

"Aw, Peter, I'm pleased—I'm jist terrible pleased wi' ma brooch," she protested. "But, ye see, it was a—a terrible surprise to get it. Maybe that's the reason I'm no' hungry."

"An' ye've never speirt what adventures I had the day," he proceeded, after a long pull at his tea-cup. "A body wud think ye wasna heedin' about the siller."

"Oh, but I'm heedin' about it. Tell me yer adventures."

"I had nane," he said, with a hearty laugh. "It was a' as easy as A B C, an' the lawyer body parted wi' the cash as if it was dirt. I got it a' in five-pound notes, an' they'll gang to the bank the

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morn's mornin'. But I'll tell ye something that'll gar ye sit up, auld wife."

"What, Peter?"

"I've decidet to retire frae business!" This with another laugh.

An inarticulate cry escaped the old woman.

"Dinna speak till I've tell't ye a' about it," said Peter. "Ye see, I've been thinkin' aboot retirin' since I first got word o' Georgie's legacy. I've been workin' hard for fifty year. . . . An' when I got the cash in ma haun' the day I thoct aboot retirin' mair serious nor ever. An' when I got near hame the nicht, an' scen auld Jake Munro sittin' at his door, in his carpet slippers, smokin' his pipe, an' readin' his paper, as happy as a king, wi' naethin' to bother him—I made up ma mind to follow his guid example, an' retire frae business as sune as possible."

"But Peter——"

"Whisht, wumman! I'm no' feenished yet. As I was sayin', I've been thinkin' aboot it since I heard o' Georgie's legacy. Afore that I never had ony notion o' retirin'—till I couldna help it. But I've been calculatin', an' I see ma road clear. Wi' the sillar we've got pit by, an' the legacy, an' what I could get for the nursery an' the tomato-houses, there wud be plenty to keep you an' me as weel as we are the noo as lang as we're spared. I wudna ha'e risked it wi'oot the legacy, but noo—weel, what think ye, Marget?"

She did not answer at once. She could not. Her simple mind was in a turmoil of warring thoughts. At last she managed to speak.

"Are ye no' weel, Peter? Are ye feelin' no' fit for yer wark?"

"I never felt better nor fitter. But I've been workin' hard for fifty year, an' I've as muckle richt to tak' it easy as ony man—as muckle richt as Jake Munro. As I cam' by I speirt at him hoo he liket daein' naethin'. He said he hadna enjeyed hissel' sae weel since he was a laddie."

With an effort the old woman said: "But Jake Munro has neither wife nor bairns to heed aboot. He's a——"

"But did I no' tell ye there wud be plenty for you an' me, Marget? D'ye think I wud stop workin' if I wasna sure *you* wud be safe frae want?"

"Oh, Peter, ye ken I didna mean that. But——"

"An' the bairns need naethin' frae us," he went on in tones of satisfaction. "Thenk the Lord, they're a' daein' weel—every yin o' them, lad an' lass—especially John. 'Deed, wife, I'll no' be surprised if John does something han'some for us auld yins afore he's mony years aulder. I'm prood o' John. It's no' every young man that can start business on his ain account wi' his ain savin's. I'm thinkin' John 'll no' stop at a single grocery shop. What ails ye, wife?" Peter stared across the table in alarm.

Marget's lips were moving without a sound in a most piteous fashion; her hand clutched her breast. Peter did not hear the faint rustle of paper.

"What ails ye, dearie?" he cried, rising.

"Sit doon, Peter; sit, doon, man," she contrived to mutter. "I—I'm better noo. Dinna be feart."

"But what was it?"

"Oh, just a bit pain; a—a——"

"Pain! Whaur was the pain?"

"I think it was in ma hert; but it's awa' noo. Dinna fash yersel'." She made a miserable failure of a smile.

"In yer hert!" His voice was full of dismay. "I best gang for the doctor——"

"Na, na. I tell ye I'm better."

But it took a long time to persuade him that she was. He was not wholly satisfied when, after tea, he set out to visit his nursery and tomato-houses.

"I'll no' be lang," he said kindly.

"Sit doon, an' rest ye, Marget. Maybe," he added, with an attempt at jocularity, "it's you that sud be retirin' frae business. But when I retire I'll ha'e to help ye aboot the hoose."

Mrs. McBean tried to smile as he passed through the gate. Then she went back to the kitchen and tidied up, doing all the little chares methodically, as was her wont, while now and then the paper in her bosom crackled softly. Everything being set in order and the hearth made bright, she seated herself in her accustomed chair and drew the paper from her bosom. It was a letter, and since its arrival in the morning, shortly after her man's departure, she had learned its contents almost by heart. She read it

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once more, but gained neither hope nor comfort from its pages. Unchecked, the tears ran down her face.

"What am I to dae?" she asked herself. "Hoo am I to tell Peter? Oh, I canna tell him; I canna tell him, an' him that prood an' happy."

She put her hand to her throat, for it hurt her, and came upon her husband's gift. How proud she would have been of the brooch a day ago! She unpinned it, and, rising unsteadily, put it safely away. And then she went back to asking herself what she was to do, and getting no answer.

The clock struck eight, warning her that Peter would soon be home. Going to the window, she perceived him coming along the road. His step was less jaunty than it had been three hours earlier; still, he looked a cheerful old man.

Marget drew back from the window, the letter clutched in her hand. What was she to do? In a panic she laid the

letter on the table, and hurried from the kitchen and the cottage.

As she reached the open air she heard the tramp of her husband on the dry, sandy road. She slipped round a great rhododendron that almost filled one half of the small garden, and sank, all quaking, on a rough bench. It was dusk, and the air was growing chilly. She heard the click of the gate, the crunching of the gravel, Peter's heavy tread on entering the cottage. And she clasped her hands and prayed incoherently, while she saw agonising visions of what was passing in the kitchen. She had always feared her husband a little; she knew that he could be stern, severe, hard; that of all things he hated failure, and found failure on the part of others most difficult to forgive. She had no hope that he would forgive, much less help, in this case. Her small world, with all its simple joys, had fallen about her ears. She sat there awaiting the worst.



"'Marget, ye maan gang an' see John first thing the morn's mornin'. Tak' him this'—p. 40.

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Peter found the letter on the table. "Frae John," he said to himself. "What wey did she no' tell me? Marget!" he called.

Without waiting for her answer, he sat down eagerly to read it, peering at it in the dusk rather than waste a moment in lighting the lamp. After all, there was sufficient light for bad news.

He gave a gasp, and then his face became set and merciless. He read through the letter—it was not long—that told how his eldest son, in whom he had taken so much pride, was in desperate straits for lack of money. John wrote the dismal tale of how he had attempted too big a business on too small a capital; of how his customers delayed paying their accounts while his creditors would wait no longer for theirs; of how it would take the impossible sum of three hundred pounds to save him from bankruptcy. A commonplace tale—when it does not come too near home.

Peter McBean read his son's letter a second time without any relaxation of his rugged old features. He turned it over to read it a third time, but now the light failed him. He dropped it on his knee and sat motionless. Nearly an hour went by.

"Marget!" he called.

Out in the garden she heard her name, and shuddered. Perhaps it was well that she made no response at all.

Five minutes passed. The fire had burned low.

"Marget!" he called again, and there was no softening in his voice.

But all of a sudden the question smote him. Where was his wife? The memory stabbed him. She had not been well at tea-time. If anything were to happen to Marget—!

He got up, coughing loudly. Groping across the almost dark room, he whispered

her name. He opened the door of the seldom used parlour. Not there.

"Marget!" he said unsteadily.

He went out to the gate and peered up and down the road, feeling strangely helpless. He was in the midst of silences, save for the slow, melancholy wash of the water on the beach below where he stood. Fear leapt upon him.

"Ma Marget!" broke from his lips, involuntarily, all but soundlessly; "whaur are ye?"

A slight noise reached his ears.

He came upon her in her retreat, before she was aware. She was on her knees on the cold grass.

And his eyes were opened, so that in the bowed, shrunken figure he beheld the old woman who still toiled bravely for his comfort, the woman who had borne him sons and daughters, the woman he had courted long ago—so long ago. And her agony in the little garden was less, though longer, than his.

She realised his presence and tried to rise. He helped her to her feet and kept his arm round her, for she seemed about to fall.

"Marget," he said hoarsely, "ye maun gang an' see John first thing the morn's mornin'. Tak' him this"—he pressed a softish packet into her hand—"an' tell him—tell him his fayther 'll no' see him beat. Tell him that, wife. An' tak' guid care o' what I've gi'ed ye."

"But, what is't, Peter?" she stammered.

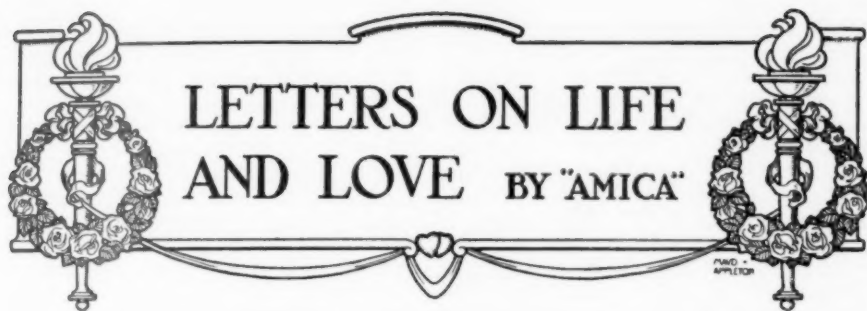
"Oh, jist the legacy; jist the legacy," he replied, with a queer laugh.

"Oh, Peter, Peter, ma guidman, Peter!"

"Whisht, auld wife! Ye—ye wasna the only yin to ha'e a pain in yer hert. Come ben the hoose, or ye'll be gettin' yer death o' cauld."

Presently they entered the cottage together.





LETTERS ON LIFE AND LOVE BY "AMICA"

No. 1.—To a Girl who Knows she is Very Plain

DEAR ALTHEA,—You said once, "It is better to be a dead girl than an ugly one, were one given the choice." In that speech you indicated one of your compensations. You are clever, you are observant, you are fearless—in a word, you are interesting.

Helen, wife of Menelaus, must have been a dreadful dullard, to judge by anything we have heard of her; while Cleopatra was assuredly so intellectual that I am led to doubt if she can have been beautiful. Not that beauty and brains are weighed against each other in Nature's laboratory, but because Beauty buys great possessions so cheaply that she need not concern herself to put much money in her purse.

Shakespeare says the world is a stage. I am disposed to improve on that dictum, and say the world is a mart and the commerce is by barter. In the long run we pay for all we get, somehow or other, and every item has its exchange value. In the morning we deal in things that please the senses; towards noon we appreciate what appeals to the judgment and the imagination; in the evening we want the things of the heart.

It is morning with you still, and you look for flowers in the grass, and birds in the tree tops, and pleasant people among the roses, and instead you see a workaday world, and on it one person, yourself, of whom you say, "Better dead."

If it were always forenoon, I should be disposed to agree with you. It is horrid to be foredoomed to stand in the wings throughout the play when others are before the footlights, horrid to tramp

through the mud of the highway when others sweep along on wheels; but, my child, the whole day has many hours, and it is not infrequent for the handicapped to reach the winning post first.

You are not good-looking. On that point I shall deal in no euphemisms. Our friends are of little service to us if they will not unite with us in meeting facts frankly. Therefore I acknowledge that you are among the plainest of the girls I love. But you have your good points—as who has not? Very pretty hands, very pretty teeth, and a quantity of fine hair. "What are these among so many other items?" you may ask. Not much, I grant; I therefore admit that you are shut out from the ranks of the fair.

Do you know what that will entail? The necessity on your part to cultivate the company of those a decade in front of you. A very plain girl of twenty is out of the running for the prizes that fall to others of her years, but in the thirties it is permitted to be stouter, less vivacious, and in some respects less ornate.

I think I can hear you say, "Thirty! Oh, better dead—much better dead!" meaning this sincerely. I understand the feeling. I, too, have been twenty. I, too, have looked towards the third decade as the gulf in which lies buried everything that youth cares for and desires. But youth exaggerates; also it does not observe. People of thirty are still quite young, and look quite young unless they wish to do otherwise, and I can assure you that, in the opinion of intelligent people, a woman does not begin to be companionable until she is

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about six-and-twenty. Among the evil deeds ascribed to the art of fiction is that of flinging everything into the lap of sweet seventeen or of the early twenties, of making heroines of immature years think and act and speak as only the mature woman could do, with the result that the average intelligence is misled, and both the girl and the woman suffer wrong.

You are intelligent far beyond the average at your age. This good gift the fairy godmother gave you when the malign spirits had done their worst, and this has enabled you to utilise for mental development the time that fell to your lot, when you were left out of the diversions and pastimes offered to prettier girls. You are fond of reading—a blessed aptitude when one reads with discrimination—and you can handle to advantage the knowledge you possess; for a young girl you are very conversable, being not merely appreciative, but stimulating.

It is usual with clever girls to find their friends among older women, and, seeing that you have made a friend of me, you act according to precedent. Now, in the twenty-six to thirty-and-over set, you will find women with aptitudes, with special tastes and hobbies. These are among the accessories of happiness, they create those impersonal interests which enrich and bring no sorrow.

Try to find your own aptitude, then gather around you a little circle of those who share it, and you have formed the nucleus of an artistic or literary or scientific or athletic set. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of a man his friend." There is no greater incentive to reflection, to research, to intelligent conversation than intercourse with people of similar tastes, who use these tastes for self-development. If you were the one clever person among ordinary people, there would be danger that you might learn to dogmatise, become self-assertive, a bore to the polite, and an object of frank detestation to the uncivil, but among your peers you will be kept in your place, and that is salutary. The shallow person wants satellites and an audience; the clever person seeks companions and equals, and is charmed now and then to be among superiors and to learn of them. Cleverness has its dangers. The greatest is

probably that which, professing democracy, claims the privileges of sovereignty. Semi-educated society is full of little popes.

But I do not want you to be merely intellectual; I want you to be charming. The manly woman has had her day, but in the cycle of change which keeps things fresh she is on the wane, and the womanly woman is again approaching the top of the wheel. I do not know that the badly dressed woman ever charmed, but she interested, when emancipation was a novelty; now the community has learned, and the advanced woman has learned, that ugliness is a blemish, and to be eliminated.

Careful dressing is a retarding process; if one is in a hurry for a train or for the post, it is a bother to have to tie ribbons just so, and dress one's hair thus, but the reward is worth the effort, and habit becomes second nature. It is habit that makes one take a daily bath, and trim one's nails, and brush one's teeth, and make sure that hooks and eyes are properly adjusted, and that buttons and button-holes are in juxtaposition, and that skirts do not prove too short in front while they dip behind. These are all little things, but, to judge of their importance, it is only necessary to observe a case where they are to be found habitually, and another where they are habitually omitted.

I want you to make a habit of dressing well, not necessarily extravagantly, or even expensively, but carefully, finding what suits you, and making such variants thereon as fashion necessitates. I think you should be as tailor-made as possible, employing a good tailor, and making your visits to him more or less frequent according to the capacity of your purse. A well-made coat and skirt will look quite nice for two years, and even longer if times are hard, and will always look "like money" if well chosen in the first instance. The coat and skirt necessitate a certain style of head gear; possibly not the most becoming in itself, but contributing to that neatness of aspect that is a kind of beauty. I assure you a plain-faced girl may become quite attractive when well turned out. I have seen a girl prove so good to look at, by reason of her trim collar and cuffs, and fresh blouse and skirt, and neat boots and

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gloves, that she attracted appreciative glances much sooner than her actually far prettier neighbours.

Remember that personal beauty is only one card for the game of life, that others quite as useful, as the game advances, are practicality—the kind of quality that makes one reliable when useful things have to be done—and good sense and reasonableness.

Now, remember that mentally you must aspire to be well equipped; and habitually you must try to be well dressed, with unobtrusive attractiveness and utility, so that in the morning you will look fresh, and in the afternoon tidy, and in the evening graceful. You must eschew colours that are obtrusive, and the very latest fashions, and all that is loud and assertive. You must never seek to attract attention; the sudden appeal to the eyes that is like a trumpet note is only permissible when actual beauty awaits the response. You have little beauty; while the charm you may have is never noisy,

it steals on the perceptions and, perhaps, nestles in the heart unawares.

Then your abundant hair. You must never pad it, no matter what may be the mode of the hour, and you must not tress it too tightly or scrape it away too meanly from the face. Twisted into a simple coil on the top of your head, it would add to your apparent stature; waving softly round brow and temples, it would becomingly frame the face. I should advise you to try the methods of various hairdressers, after informing them that neatness is what you wish; then learn to reproduce the arrangement you find most becoming.

I seem to see you looking quite spick and span from head to foot, and I greatly admire what I see. When you smile at this remark and show, naturally, your very charming teeth, I assure you, my child, that, even in the eyes of the hypercritical, you will do very well.—With all good wishes, your friend,—AMICA.



(Photo: W. Reid.)

HOMeward BOUND.

The Faces of the Poor

A Complete Story

By EDWARD CECIL

THERE was much criticism, speculation, and prophecy when Mildred Fewings' engagement to Sir Edward Milbank was announced.

"Here, at any rate," said a ready wit, "extremes meet."

It was only those who knew them both intimately who could understand this remark.

So far as a stranger could judge, the match was the instinct of two very similar people. Both were well-to-do, well bred, well connected, and well endowed with good health, good looks, and good abilities.

Milbank had inherited a baronetcy, bestowed upon his father, the founder of a successful commercial undertaking in the North, which still prospered and made his son the rich man he was. But this was no more than a blurred and indistinct background to a life which had been modelled at Eton and Trinity, and perfected at the best clubs and in the most exclusive drawing-rooms. In short, at thirty-three, Milbank was in Parliament, with every advantage behind him, and a career, it was said, safe in his hands. As for Mildred Fewings, she was at the height of her first beauty, and in the full triumph of her first season. What more natural than a love match between a triumphant *débutante* and a rising young politician?

"I am more than pleased," said the widow of the late North of England magnate to the woman who had been her firm friend and social adviser all through her social ascent, from being mayoress of an industrial town to being the mother of a rising member of Parliament.

"Yes, Elizabeth," she went on, "I am more than pleased. Marriage will confirm and strengthen Edward, and he will now settle down to his career as he wouldn't have done as a bachelor. And Mildred is a dear girl."

Elizabeth Manton, who had lived for seventy years and was worldly wise as well as kind-hearted, shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, I know," she said, drily, "and

very good-looking. Beautiful eyes and the best shoulders any *débutante* has displayed this season. Moreover, I am told she sits her horse as if she and the animal had always lived together. I know it all. I am perfectly frank, my dear friend, but the 'dear girl' is just an ordinary, thoughtless, pleasure-loving young female, and Edward wants something better. There! I shouldn't be happy unless I told you what I thought."

This outburst on the part of Lady Manton, before which Milbank's mother sat amazed, disclosed the meaning of the remark that in this engagement extremes met. The young politician was naturally thoughtful. He was tuned to respond to the serious problems of life. The girl he had chosen to share his wealth and his career was just as thoughtless as he was thoughtful. She was as heedless as she was beautiful, and, whenever she did think seriously, severely practical. Her thoughts were set upon squeezing out of life—pleasure. So there were plenty of people quick to prophesy that these two would not run well together in double harness.

Nevertheless, Mildred's beauty might conquer all. It had appealed not only to Milbank, but also to his mother, so that she was not perturbed by her old friend's disapproval of the engagement.

"Nothing matters when two young people are in love," she said complacently. "They counterbalance each other. Edward will make Mildred less of a child and more of a woman, just as she will make him—well, perhaps a little less impracticable."

"How complete your satisfaction must be!" said Lady Manton with a smile.

* * * * *

The pessimists were proved right six months after the engagement began.

The crisis came one October afternoon in the drawing-room of the Fewings' house in Norfolk Square. It had been coming for some time, on the question of what Mildred always spoke of as "Edward's philanthropy."



"I don't see why I should be dragged off to give away prizes at this Boys' Club of yours."

An opportunity had now come, as she phrased it in her thoughts, for bringing the matter to a head. After reflecting a moment, she did so.

"I don't see why I should be dragged off to give away prizes at this Boys' Club of yours in the depth of the East End on the very night of the Ilcasters' dance," she said. "It isn't as if it were in your constituency. There would be some sense in it then."

She was standing before the brightly burning wood fire, her foot resting on the curb, one hand slightly raising her dress at her knee. The comfortable warmth of the fire was very pleasant that chill October day. Beneath this commonplace attitude and the studied lightness of manner in which the complaint was spoken, there lurked defiance. Milbank knew it. He stood in the window, looking out upon the grimed branches of the trees in the square, from which the last leaves were now falling before

the sharp touch of the October cold. From the scene, bathed in the weak late autumn sunlight, he drew an allegory.

"You mean," he said, "that if the Club were in my constituency you would come without demur?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"So you recognise the duty of doing good when something is to be gained by doing it?"

"That is an unfair way of putting it," said the girl quickly. "I do not think you are doing the good you imagine you are doing in the East End. The sort of thing you are doing is of little good in itself. In your constituency it would be a different matter. It would at least be doing you good. Let's be practical."

"It's of little or no good," said Milbank deliberately, "because it stands in the way of an evening's pleasure."

"Edward!"

"What I say," he went on calmly, "may be unpleasant to hear, but it's quite true."

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"I am not going to Poplar to-night," said Mildred, trembling a little now that the crisis had come.

"I won't press you to," replied Milbank. "But I wish you to listen now while I tell you something I have never told anyone before—not even my mother. She would not have understood it had I done so. I do not know whether you will. I ought to have told it you before."

"Must you tell it me now?"

It seemed to Mildred that much which she had enjoyed immensely was coming to an end. She had never seen the look in Edward's handsome face which she saw now. She almost felt as if she was being judged. And she could not resent it, for, of course, he had some right to judge her.

"Yes," he said. "Sit down."

She sat down in a corner of the Chesterfield. But he did not sit beside her.

"I want to tell you," he said, "that politics is not merely a career with me. I am not in Parliament because Milborough, where my father built his factories, is a safe seat. I don't run a Boys' Club, and half a dozen other things in Poplar, for the kudos of the thing. It may seem strange, but I run it for the sake of the boys who go to it—not even to amuse myself."

"I know that, Edward. Of course I know that. But why put this philanthropy of yours in front of everything else?"

"That is what I am going to try to explain."

He began by telling her that even when a boy at Eton the problems of poverty found a place in his thoughts.

"When I was at Cambridge I used to go up to town sometimes to one of the settlements. I used to look at the faces of the people I saw there—the poor. When I was at Milborough I took the opportunity of going down the meanest of the streets, and in the faces of the poor I saw the same things—lines of suffering, dull eyes, pinched lips, hollow cheeks—the usual things one does see if one has the eyes to see them. I saw the writing on those faces of the burdens the poor bear. I could see it—I couldn't help but see it—wherever I found the poor. And it became my duty to try to understand what those burdens were. That was the beginning."

"Yes?"

"Well, I went on. I went amongst those

people, not with my mind full of some purpose of my own such as vote-hunting, but because I wanted to understand what caused the writing on the faces I saw. I made friends with men and women living from day to day on the edge of starvation. I found out for myself the schools where one has to feed the children because they come there with empty stomachs. I learned for myself what it means for a family to exist on a precarious wage which may cease any day without warning. I met the underpaid clerk, who, having been educated a little, has the additional misery of foresight and one awful question always at the back of his mind—What would happen to his wife and children after he had gone? You can't imagine these things, Mildred. You can't understand them unless you see!"

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

His face brightened. He sat down beside her.

"Come," he said, "I will tell you. I want you to help me. I want you to learn to understand, just a little, just enough to sympathise, to encourage, to help. That would make our love perfect. It isn't always easy for me, dearest, this fighting against the conditions which make these burdens. For, even when I am tired out, I still see the faces of the men and women and children who struggle on under the burdens, and I want someone at my side who will help me to look into those faces bravely—and go on. We have had a good time, darling, you and I—a careless, happy time. But it's time you understood what I want from you and shall want from my wife."

"Do you think I should ever be worthy to play such a part?" asked Mildred.

"Yes, if you tried."

She leaned forward.

"No, dear, I could not. I could only pretend to play it. You would find out that I was pretending, and we should both find out—our mistake."

She had pierced straight to the truth, and both knew it. She drew her expensive dress closer round her and held out her open hand to the warmth from the cheerfully blazing fire.

"I can't keep your love by false pretences," she said. "I am young. I want to enjoy life. Call me a pagan, a hedonist, anything you like. But I don't want to

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look at the ugly facts of life. When I am old I'll do that. But now, when I have youth, I want to see the world—to rise in it, to help you to rise."

But Milbank, as he stared into the fire, was seeing the face of a woman he knew, who starved herself to keep a sick husband alive, and side by side with it that of a grey-haired clerk whose delirium, as he lay ill, was haunted with the vision of his wife in the workhouse. It was like a call to a religious vocation, this vision so often with him of the faces of the poor.

"I must go on with my work," he said. "Won't you stand by me?"

He loved Mildred. Let that be remembered.

She was too practical and too sincere to lie.

"How can I?" she asked, sadly.

She made, however, a last appeal.

"Don't spoil our happiness, Edward," she urged. "You are rich. Give subscriptions, as heavy as you like, and let other people run your clubs and manage

your charities. It will be you who are doing it just the same—your money."

He almost recoiled from her.

"Can't you see," he said, "that this is the sort of thing one has to do oneself?"

And on that rock they split, and the pessimists were proved right. A week later the engagement was broken off, and, almost immediately, since there was no autumn session that year, Milbank went to live in Poplar, there to go on with his work and to try to forget. His romance was over. His duty remained.

* * * * *

It never occurred to Mildred that Milbank would persist in living at Poplar. But when he kept it up after the parliamentary session had begun in the following February his quixotic action became notorious. She heard of it from many people, and it became the talk of the set in which she lived.

"Why, he lives next door to a fried-



"A crowd of children gathered round the taxi as she got out"—p. 48.

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fish shop," she heard once. "You have only to open the window and shout to get a meal."

"It's a good test of sincerity, that," commented someone, "to stand the smell of a fried-fish shop."

"No one can doubt Milbank's sincerity," said another; and then, as they saw that Mildred was within earshot, they changed the subject.

A fried-fish shop! The thought of it lingered. She pictured it on a winter's night, crowded, steaming, the rendezvous of the street; she imagined it on a hot night in August, when its odour would fill the air. To live next to it when one might live anywhere one chose!

Soon after that Milbank and she met. Now that Parliament was sitting Milbank was at many of the receptions and dinners. They were bound to meet often. They chose at once an easy, natural friendship, though neither of them ever spoke of Poplar. Thus it was before the season began, and thus it was at the end of July, when the season was over. And thus it might have continued to be, but for an accident.

At a reception on the last night of July, a belated function, at which everybody was tired and season-worn, Mildred came upon Milbank, talking eagerly in the centre of a group. A few nights before he had made a great speech on the Unemployment Bill. Suddenly, before she knew it was coming, she was included in an invitation to see what Poplar was like the next afternoon, and have tea at Milbank's rooms. She accepted with the rest.

The next day she was the only one who responded to the invitation.

For, by one of those accidents which are so well designed, she and Milbank were given an opportunity to repair a mistake, if they wished. It was Lady Manton who, hearing of the arranged meeting, designed the accident. She had been observing Mildred all through the season, and had drawn her own conclusions. She took the exceptional course of persuading the others not to keep their appointment.

* * * * *

Half-way down an indescribable street, Mildred's taxicab stopped next door to the fried-fish shop, which she had told the driver to look for. All her journey she had been looking out from side to side at the

scenes through which she was passing. The streets were new to her, the people new, the sounds she heard new. And steadily they grew worse, till the climax was reached in that narrow street. Yet there, for nearly a year, Milbank had lived. She felt she was face to face with an act which only stern necessity could justify.

A crowd of children gathered round the taxi as she got out. Their prominent, over-eager eyes, set in the small, pinched faces, told the story of their lives. She looked up and saw Milbank in the doorway.

"How good of you to come!" he said. "You are the first."

And for once she had nothing to answer. The casual, lightly spoken remark seemed impossible in that street. Nothing else, of course, was possible. She went in and tried to forget the street.

While they were waiting for the others he showed her things of interest in his room. There were the books of his Penny Bank, for instance.

"We don't refuse half-pennies or even farthings, you know," he explained, "though we call ourselves a Penny Bank."

Then he showed her the books of his Boys' Club, his Sick Club, his Unemployment Insurance Club, his Manual Training classes. They made a formidable row on their shelf by the fireside, and they were eloquent of the work Milbank was doing. Above them there was another row of books, his library—Booth, Rowntree, Hobson, and half a dozen Blue Books. But to these he made no allusion.

"Do you know," he said, "I expect I'll surprise you, but I haven't given away a single sixpence since I've been here. The first rule I made was never on any account to give money away. I have put hundreds in the way of earning it, and I have sent cases where they would be helped, but I've never given a man or woman a sixpence. All these clubs support themselves."

"How splendid!" she said. "How they must thank you—I mean deep down in their hearts—when they realise how you have made them keep their self-respect."

"Yes," he agreed, glad she understood; "that's what I aim at."

She was beginning to understand. For months past she had been talking to people who knew about the East End and the problems of the poor.

THE FACES OF THE POOR

"But these clubs," she asked, "the Bank, the Sick Club, the Insurance Club—they must cost you something—they must be secured, guaranteed?"

It was the old, practical Mildred, and he could not but smile.

"Of course, I've arranged all that," he admitted. "I've made them perfectly safe, and they would go on just the same if I lost any interest in them or if anything happened to me."

"Yes," she said, simply, and sat down. They were both silent. Was she listening, he wondered, to the noises of the street, or was she thinking of the work he was doing there, in the midst of such unsavoury surroundings?

* * * * *

"We can't wait any longer," he said. "I'll ring for my man to bring the tea. You see, I'm not alone. I keep a man down here."

"No," she said, "don't ring. I want to tell you something. I never thought I should be able to tell it you. But, somehow, here—it's possible."

"Yes?" he said, eagerly.

"Ever since last October I've been trying to learn a little. I've been trying to understand what you meant when you talked about the writing you read in the faces of the poor. I began looking for it myself, and after a time I was able to see it. I've seen it this afternoon. I know now why you live here. If ever I hurt you—if ever, in my ignorance, I seemed cruel—I want you to forgive me."

"Mildred," he said, after a pause, "does this mean that something is again possible for us?"

She hesitated. For months past, ever since the October afternoon of their estrangement, at first despite herself, but afterwards because she wished to, she had been trying in her own way to follow up the cue which Milbank had given her. She had come to understand that the faces of the poor were dejected and weak because for many of the poor it is impossible not to lose heart. They are so buffeted by circumstances that they become browbeaten, and helpless because they are past helping themselves. The awful writing is there on their faces because those who can do not help to remove it.

In brief, she now understood Milbank. She hesitated, thinking of this; then suddenly she looked up swiftly, and her face was transfigured.

"It is possible for me," she said, "if you think I am worthy——"

"My dearest—my dearest!" he said eagerly, taking her hands. "It has been so hard without you. And now you will help me."

But before their lips met once again she spoke.

"I want *you* to help *me*," she said; "to help me to understand."

Outside the noises of the street continued. All around them the great underworld of East London pulsed and throbbed, laughed and suffered, struggled and groaned. But in the midst of it, and because of it, Mildred found a far deeper happiness than she had known before or could have known.

* * * * *

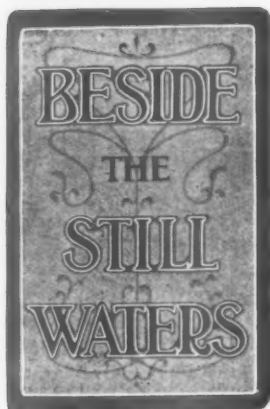
In what may be called the second batch of congratulations, the good wishes which Mildred never forgot, even to the inflection of the speaker's voice, the claw-like pressure of her wrinkled hand, the almost fierce light in her eyes, were Lady Elizabeth Manton's.

They were given in unconventional and characteristic fashion.

Mildred was walking up Bond Street, and Lady Manton's carriage was in a stream of traffic coming down. The old lady stopped her carriage, and thus abruptly checked the whole stream of which it was a part. She summoned Mildred.

"So you've been living down in Poplar—not dabbling in 'slumming' one afternoon a week, and afterwards taking credit for it over a purple-backed prayer-book at a Lenten service—but actually living there?" she observed. "And you are going to marry Edward Milbank, after all?" she went on. "Well, I didn't think you would, and I should like to say I'll be at your wedding, even if my gout is so bad that I have to be carried there. And I hope you won't mind my saying it, but—God bless you!"

When Mildred walked on, she saw the familiar scene a little dimly. But she had learned to know the very best kind of happiness—the only happiness which nothing in the world can ever undermine.



Not to Ourselves

WE live not to ourselves alone :
*Our daily deed, our common speech,
 The subtle law of life must own
 That binds our being each to each.*

*Not to ourselves—the flower that grows
 Unfolding in its garden-ground
 Scents every passing breeze that blows
 Beyond the paling's narrow bound.*

*Not to ourselves—oh, day by day
 Our steps a nobler goal should win,
 Since other eyes shall watch our way,
 And other feet shall walk therein.*

BLANCHE TRENNOR HEATH.

The Peril of Deterioration

WE do our utmost to protect great buildings from fire and tempest, and yet all the time those buildings are liable to another peril not less severe—the subtle decay of the very framework of the structure itself. The tissue of the wood silently and mysteriously deteriorates, and calamity as dire as a conflagration is precipitated. The whole of the magnificent roofing of the Church of St. Paul in Rome had to be taken out at enormous expense because of the dry rot. Scientific men by microscopic and chemical methods have investigated the causes of this premature decay, and after patient search they have discovered, not only the fungi which destroys the wood tissue, but also the spore that acts as the seed of the fungus. So this obscure, malign vegetation goes on in the heart of the wood, destroying the glory and strength of minster and palace. Char-

acter is liable to a similar danger. Some evils do not come from the outside. Some of the worst possibilities of loss, weakness, and ruin emerge from within ; the destroying agents work obscurely and stealthily, and are almost unsuspected until they have wrought fatal mischief. The scientists expect soon to provide a means of destroying this seed before it produces growth. Christians need to destroy the seed of dry rot in character. Atmosphere is a preventive of dry rot, and it is an essential thing that the breath of heaven should have free course through our nature. Sunshine is a fine antidote to dry rot. The sense of God's favour must be an abiding consciousness with us. Purity keeps out dry rot. The builder must watch against unhealthful conditions, and saturate joists and sleepers with the necessary chemical solutions. So must we keep ourselves from whatever would infect, and evermore steep our moral faculties and life in the antiseptic influences of truth and grace.—REV. W. L. WATKINSON, D.D.

The Pole-star of Life

KEEP close to duty. Never mind the future, if only you have peace of conscience, if you feel yourself reconciled, and in harmony with the order of things. Be what you ought to be ; the rest is God's affair. It is for Him to know what is best, to take care of His own glory, to ensure the happiness of what depends on Him, whether by another life or by annihilation. And supposing that there were no good and holy God . . . duty would still be the key of the enigma, the pole-star, of a wandering humanity.—AMIEL.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

"In That Hour"

IN the early days of my ministry at Carr's Lane I had a very difficult piece of counsel to give in my church. I had to give counsel in a case for which I felt I had no requisite experience, and upon my word there depended so much. Just in the midst of my perplexity I came up to London with my revered and now glorified friend Dr. Berry. On the way up I told him my perplexity, and I said to him, "Now, Berry, what would you do if you were in my place?" He said, "I do not know, Jowett. I am not there, and," he continued, "my dear friend, you are not there yet. When has the advice to be given?" I said, "Friday," and that was Wednesday. "You will find that when Friday comes the Lord will not be wanting"; and I think I may say that on Friday the Lord was not wanting, and I saw my way clearly to unravel a great perplexity, and to give advice to the man, who has been fruitful in good living.—REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

Willing to do His Will

A MAN who suffers his will to be overpowered naturally comes to believe that he is the sport of Fate; feeling powerless, he believes that God's decree has made him so. But let him but put forth one act of loving will, and then as the nightmare of a dream is annihilated by an effort, so the incubus of a belief in tyrannous destiny is dissipated the moment a man wills to do the Will of God. Observe how he knows the doctrine directly he does the Will.—REV. F. W. ROBERTSON.

Fault-Finding

MANY make their own lives miserable, and mar the happiness of those about them, by hot and hasty judgment. We generally find what we are looking for, and if we are searching for faults in others we will at least think that we have found them; but the result will be the darkening of our own lives. If we will but calmly wait, and lovingly investigate, our feelings may change. Critics say that Thomas Carlyle scolded at everything. But sixty years of dyspepsia were enough to make any man scold. When people are hard to get along with, inquire into the case, and before you get through your hypercriticism will turn to tenderness, and the clouds of your indignation will rain tears of pity.

When tempted to find fault with another,

kneel before your Heavenly Father and ask Him to help you to judge righteously; then let Him answer you with His own word, as you listen to the Lord Christ on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I am not alone in believing that the destructive work of the tongue is doing much to choke the channels of divine grace and hinder the world-wide revival for which so many are praying. Let us bring as much of heaven to our homes and communities as possible.—REV. ABRAM DURYEE.

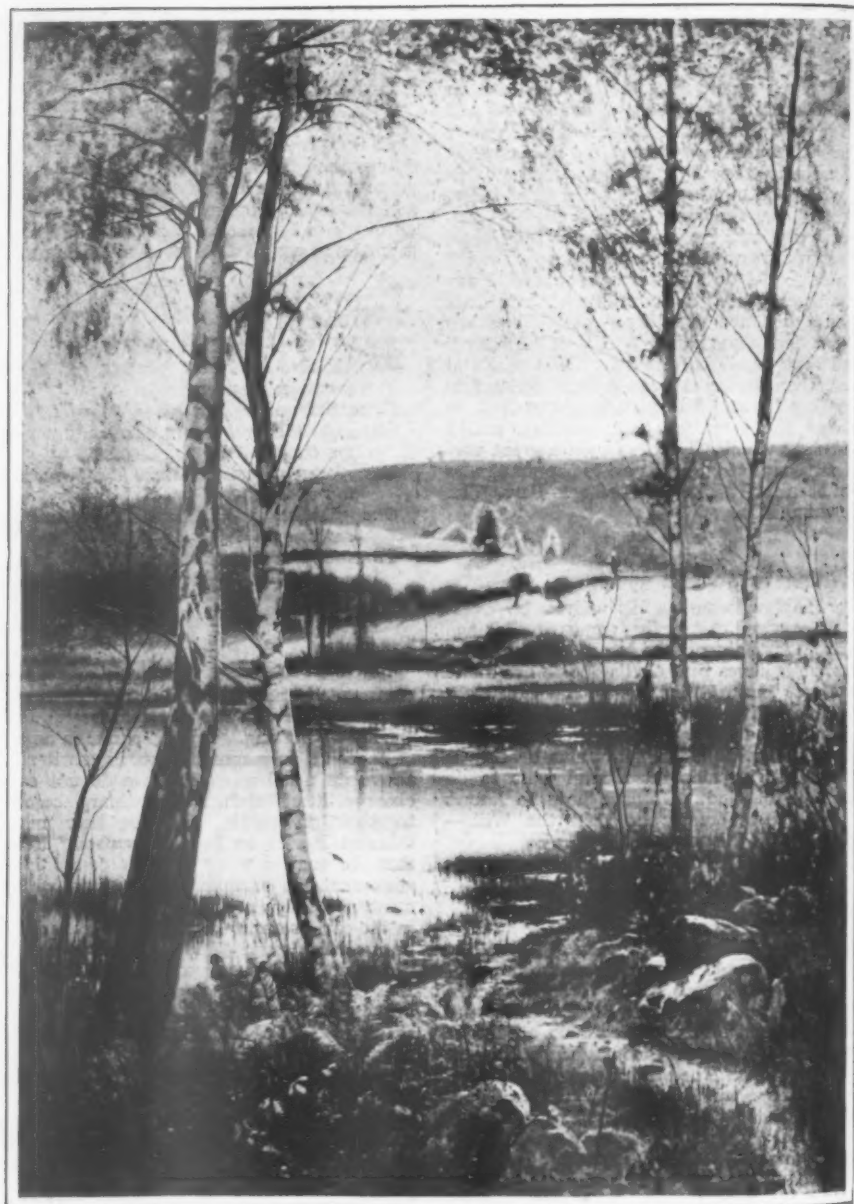
A Wish

"MAY every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get there—
from some good—
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
for the darkening sky,
One gleam of faith to brave the thickening
ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the
gathering mists,
To make this life worth while, and heaven
a surer heritage!"

Fretting

THERE is one sin which is everywhere underestimated and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that, unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets; that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other which, most probably, every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things.

Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks to fly upward. But even to the sparks that fly upward, in the blackest smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.



THE WANING OF THE YEAR.

(From the Painting by Ernest Parton.)

November—Grey Days and Sad

By HERBERT D. WILLIAMS

THE days are waning, the nights lengthen, and Nature is beginning to look desolate and forlorn, for November is upon us. The poets have sung of spring, the time of hope; glorious summer needs no praise; whilst mellow autumn brings the fruit of the earth. But somehow or other the poetry seems to have departed when dull November comes. To many it is the month of grey days and sad.

True, autumn is not without its colour and romance. In the spring the budding trees and green shoots speak of life and things to come. It is the time of promise, when we can believe the best of life. The autumntide, in place of young shoots and green sprouts, gives us the wonder of the falling leaves. Surely there are few things more majestic and radiant than the red and golden leaves of the autumn trees. It is the time of maturity, the fulfilling of the promise. The ripe fruit is gathered, the harvest is here. And then comes November, with bare branches, and bleak landscapes, with misty rain and fog. Can there be any poetry in desolation? Can the ever-shortening days, the ever-lengthening nights, the bleaker hills and dark dank woods, speak of hope, of cheer, of inspiration? Too late for golden glow, too soon for silver snow, can dull November be anything but depressing?

Of course, all this is presuming that our climate pursues its wonted and proper course—a thing it never does! We all have known of dreary days in August, when the family has drawn around the kitchen fire, and of November days when the air of spring has called back the song of the birds! There will always be exceptions in the climate; but this does not hide the fact that November is the month of fogs, unless we are fortunate enough to live in sunny Natal, or greet the early spring in southern Australia.

The Shadows of Departing Day

Has anyone, however young or old, escaped the feeling of sadness when the light has to be struck earlier and yet

earlier, when the twilight overtakes us long before the day's work is done, when no longer the sun's cheery rays call us from our morning's sleep? Can anyone don the winter overcoat for the first time without a tinge of regret at the passing of summer? We are all creatures of outward circumstance and time, and these things must strike a note of sadness somewhere in our being, for they say not merely that—

"The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store:
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more."

They cannot but remind us that—

"Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past."

That, perhaps, is the cause of our regret at the shortening day, the baring tree, the desolate moor. They tell us all too plainly that life is advancing. We look back on our own time of spring. Then, life seemed full of glorious promise. The birds could not but sing for joy, and every budding shoot of grass spoke of ambition, and hope and life. Has the springtime promise been fulfilled in our lives? Does autumntide bring with it maturity and fruit? We are bound to ask such questions as these on the dull November days, and too often the dreary landscape but echoes our cry. Where are the fruits?

Now, we are really less and less children of Nature, and many dwellers in the city will not catch the refrain of the dying year. To them November means a shorter day, it is true, but a night made bright with the artificial aids of civilisation. After all, it is something cheery to shut the door on gloomy Nature, and comfortably establish oneself before the glowing fire. To some the cool of the autumn eve means work, to some study, to many pleasure. So man has his revenge on passing Nature, and uses the dullest of the seasons to his own advantage.

The Gold among the Grey

The dull days come in November, but even then the seeing eye may detect the

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gold among the grey. The earth and the trees are always beautiful to the student of Nature. Not only romping spring and radiant summer respond to the painter's art, but the quieter beauties of late autumn are beauties still, if we only avoid the defiling touch of civilisation. The mountain's mist has a glory of its own as long as it is separated from the smoke and grime of the cities which turn it into the fog we know and dread.

There is too great a tendency in this age of bigness to despise the quieter effects. We talk much of the hottest day, of the largest snowfall, of the highest mountains, forgetting that beauty is not a matter of size, or of the largest growth. Many a great painter has immortalised the sober landscape of a November day, and brought out of it an even more impressive beauty than that of radiant June. You see, the rich green foliage hides the trees, but November, even though dull, reveals personality. There is a beauty of the spring—the fresh young life of the pretty girl, for instance, flushed with health and happiness—but the glory is on the face of the veteran, and it is the beauty of character.

So it is wise, after all, to search for the gold among the grey, to seek for beauty in the dull days of November.

Grey Days and Sad

We have hinted that Nature is merely a parable or commentary on our own swift passing life; that the shortening days of autumn remind us of the ebbing of our own days, and hence the sadness. Do we not know well enough the "grey days" of the mind and soul? We think of them naturally in connection with the autumn of life. The vigour of manhood has passed; the petty ambitions of life have lost their glamour, the fruit has not ripened or has been picked from the tree. Is there anything more sad than the picture of the man with his life work apparently finished, and nothing to occupy his mind and heart? The struggles of early youth against poverty and adversity were fierce, but they made life real and strenuous; now the position has been won, the difficulties have been vanquished, and life is easy—monotonously easy. Many a well-to-do retired veteran looks back

with longing on the hard and struggling days of his youth, when, with his back to the wall, he fought for life, and wife and bairns. Life was fierce, but it was full of promise, and the battle breezes were stiff but bracing. Now his strength is failing, his life's days are shortening, and the long, grey eventide remains to be filled.

The Cheerful Firelight

We have remarked that when the evenings grow long civilised man shuts the door on darkened Nature and cheers himself by the glowing fire. This surely is a hint for those facing the long evenings of life. The violent pursuits of youth, and the strenuous occupations of middle age are no longer possible. Then there is all the more reason that the "fireside pursuits" should be cultivated. What should we say to the athlete who is only interested in cricket, and passes through the long winter without any other occupation? November days bring with them the warning that our interests in life should be diversified. However strong and robust we may feel now, however sunny our life, the time will come when we have to face the grey days, and we had better make our preparations accordingly. Could there be more mad folly than that of the man who makes every preparation for old age except that which shall keep him cheerful and happy? The young man saves his money to provide a competence for old age; he buys his house so that he shall not pay rent, he puts all his energies into his business so that the seventies shall not find him stranded; but too often he forgets that if he cannot face new business enterprises when he is old, neither can he form new friendships, nor cultivate new pursuits. Youth is the time for seed-sowing, and it is not only the seed of fortune we have to sow, but the seed of friendships, of hobbies, of interests that shall keep us hale and hearty through the long evenings of life. Man in November turns to the family hearth, and man in the November of life instinctively turns to his family interests. Happy the aged veteran who can play blindman's buff with his sportive grand-daughters; happy the woman who can make the teething of her little grandsons bring back the delights of her own early motherhood! To them



SLEEPY HOLLOW. (By C. J. J. Gale.)

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the autumn fire throws out a cheery glow ! November is the time for study and hobbies, and the veteran will retain his youth and cheerfulness if he can keep a fresh and living interest in the world of books ; if he dabbles in photography or science, or some other pursuit, he need not complain of the early twilight in life.

It really seems to me that young people ought to systematically lay aside for old age—not only in poor, prosaic cash, but in the interests of life. They should lay up treasure that will not spoil when rheumatics keep them indoors and the failing powers prohibit the violent exercises of life. There may come a time when poor, dim eyesight prevents reading, and the ears can no longer be thrilled with music. Surely it is important to lay up a store of pleasing memories for the time when we can only muse by the fireside and look back. The dull November days will come, and the lesson of Nature is : Prepare for them !

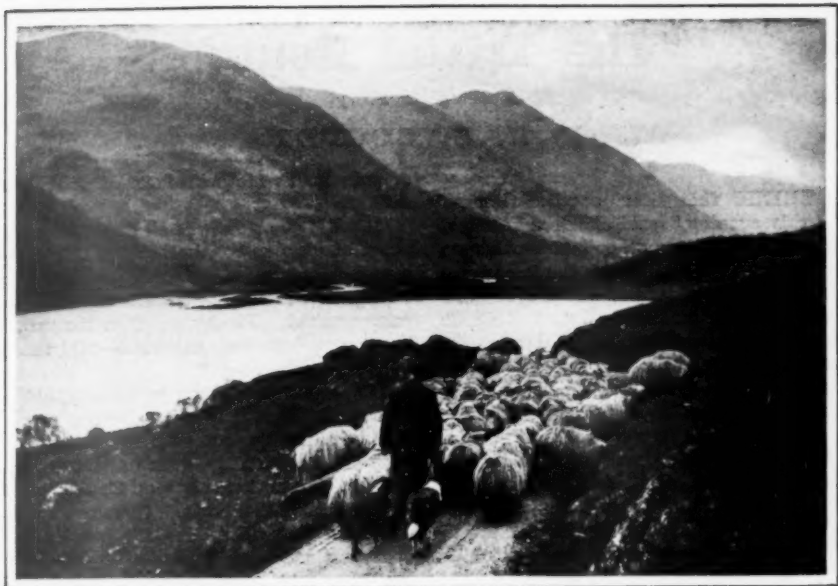
November in Spring

We have remarked on the fitfulness of the weather : how that August may find us

shivering over the fire, whilst we sit out of doors in late autumn. So, of course, it is in life. The seasons do not progress in stated copybook order. The grey days come in spring and summer the sudden bursts of sunshine in November. There is not a youth who does not know the grey, sad days, and none need wait till old age to experience them. Often suddenly, when the day has opened fair and promising, noon has brought dulness and depression of spirits. Who does not know the long, dreary deserts of time, when life has not seemed worth living, when the light of love has fled, when work has become monotonous and toil irksome ? What shall we say to these dreary November days ? Surely the lesson is to make our life many-sided, and full of diverse interests. The man who wraps himself up in business alone is making no preparation for the November days of bad weather, of bad health, of lost enthusiasms. Even his business will suffer when he only has his one interest in life. So with sport, pleasure, and even Christian service. Man was not made to live in



NOVEMBER IN THE WOODS.



(Photo: W. Reib.)

RETURNING TO THE FOLD.

one compartment; Nature teaches him that November has its uses and its purposes.

We have said that Nature in all her moods is beautiful, and that the gold can be found among the grey. Those who have passed through the sad, grey days can tell us that this is so with life. We pass through the days of sunshine with too little heed, and scarcely any thankfulness. It needs the dull days of trouble and depression to point out to us somewhat of the quieter beauty of life. The sun has not left the heavens because some of the leaves have fallen off the trees, and many a tired and weary heart has found in the valley of humiliation a strange and winsome joy that the open plain could not equal. After all, even the shadows are beautiful when viewed in the right perspective.

Preparing for the Spring

We have not exhausted the matter with having said this. With the farmer the autumn time is the time of preparation for the spring. The ground lies fallow

only that it may produce another harvest; the unprofitable days are used for ploughing, and digging, and planting. There is no November that is not followed by April; no waning autumntide that does not carry the promise of the glad New Year. The resurrection is embedded in Nature, and death is but a prelude to life. The November days are only a pause for the fresh formation of coming life. The winter is only the promise of spring.

Foolish the man who does not count on that in his own life. The grey November days should be times of preparation for fresh life. The dull and rainy days are as necessary as the sunshine, and the wise man takes them as they come and uses them aright. In the hard and stony soil of our human life ploughing and digging, and draining and sowing are ever required. Nature but prophesies that a glorious springtime is to come, that a new life is in preparation beyond the grave, and that no grey November days can be profitless if they are spent in preparing the soul for this.

"The Trivial Round"

A Complete Story

By A. B. COOPER

I

"I THINK the vicar excelled himself this evening," said Mildred Anstey, as she sat with her mother and brother on the lawn of their little back garden in the warm gloaming of a June Sunday. "He seemed to turn me inside out, and that's always a good sign as far as I am concerned."

Arnold was reading a famous literary paper. All his tastes lay in that direction, and his mother having stinted herself that he might go to the 'Varsity, where he had taken a first-class in classics, his mind was wholly bent on making a name in literature. He looked up as Mildred spoke, and said: "You like those idealistic notions, Mildred, which the vicar is so fond of trotting out; but for my part I could not see the connection between the sermon and the text."

Mrs. Anstey smiled fondly at her handsome son. He was the apple of her eye, and all her hopes were centred in him.

"Say not . . . Who shall ascend into heaven? . . . Or, Who shall descend into the deep? . . . The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart," she quoted softly. "It seemed to me that the sermon fitted the text, Arnold. How did it not?"

"Well, you know, mother," he said, a little as though talking to a child, "the old notion of a life of self-abnegation, a sort of Quietist life, is played out. I don't know how it might have been in the old days, but I know that nowadays the battle is to the strong. Unless a man asserts himself he simply gets left, as the Americans say. For instance, no man can write a big book to-day who has not been in the thick of things, knocked about the world, seen with both eyes and taken hold with both hands. That's what I mean to do. Simply to potter along the lowly vale of life is too silly; the little vale leads nowhere."

Arnold had folded up his paper, and was emphasising his words by slapping it on his knee. He was evidently deeply in earnest—so much so that he did not see the look

of pain in his mother's face. But Mildred did.

"Well," she said, "it all depends on the point of view as to whether one thinks the vicar's words wise or foolish. If he was wrong, so was Keble—so he's in good company, Arnold. The hymn before the sermon exactly fitted the discourse—'O timely happy, timely wise.'"

"Oh, Keble's all right in his way, but he belongs to the old school. He was a good deal of a mystic, and, like the rest, talked nonsense occasionally, even in his poetry."

"As, for instance?" queried Mildred, whilst her mother looked from one to the other, only half following the trend of the conversation. The trouble still lingered in her eyes, for it had been her dearest wish that Arnold should take orders, and his admiration of the ultra-modern spirit, and his rather flippant way of talking of things sacred to her, always pained her. She would never have admitted that he was selfish, however. She simply did not see it.

"Well, take a verse like—

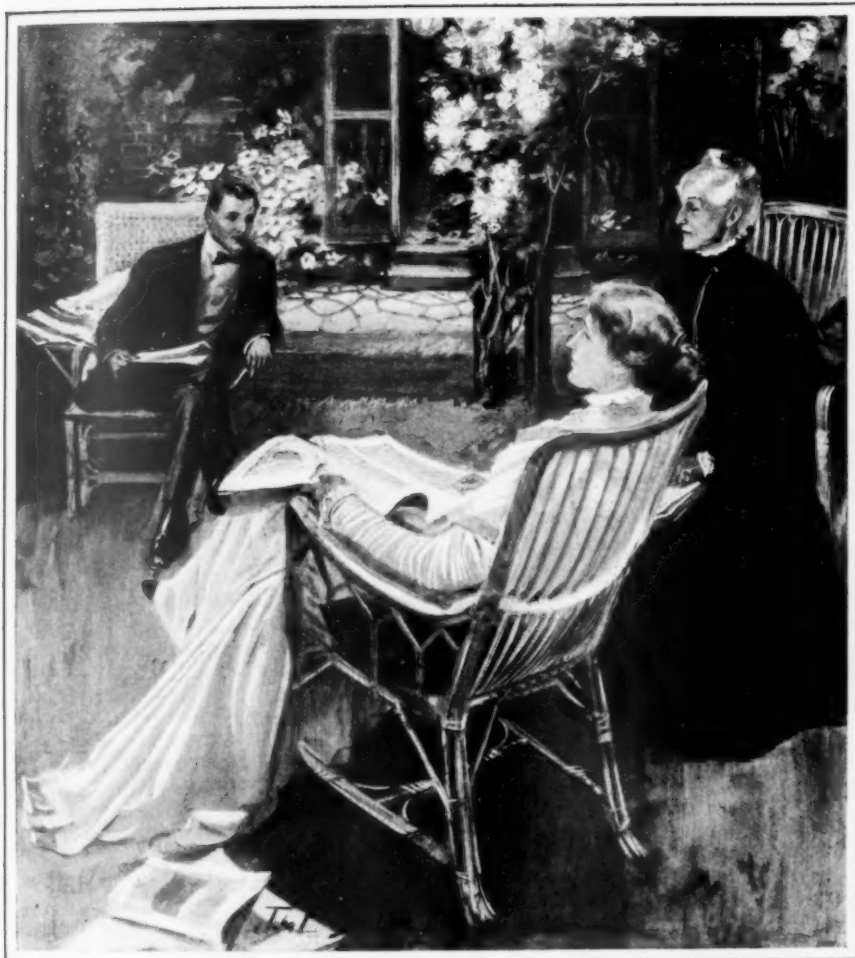
"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves—"

Now I hold that we don't want room to deny ourselves. We have necessarily to deny ourselves of heaps of things, whether we like it or not, and to pace the trivial round and to toil at the common task just for the sake of denying oneself is silly—nothing less."

"I don't think Keble quite says that we are to do it just for the sake of denying ourselves," said Mrs. Anstey quietly; "but if duty calls us to the doing of uninteresting things and the living of uneventful lives, even these things may be turned to the highest good. You ought to finish the verse, Arnold—

"—a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

"Bless her sweet face!" said Arnold, rising to go into the house, and stopping to squeeze his mother's thin cheeks between



"Well, you know, mother," he said, a little as though talking to a child, "unless a man asserts himself he simply gets left."

his hands and kiss her forehead as he passed. "You are a living proof that there is something in it, after all. But it isn't a doctrine for men."

"Only for women—eh?" Mildred flung after him as he disappeared through the French window. "Arnold little knows," she exclaimed in a moment of forgetfulness, "how I long to see with both eyes and to lay hold with both hands, as he calls it. I would simply love to see the world."

"Have you answered John yet, my dear?" said Mrs. Anstey, as though she did not hear Mildred's sudden outburst. Mildred suddenly leaned forward and settled her chin in the palms of her hands. A thrush began to sing his triple song from a tree in the next garden. The gold was fading into a dark red in the western sky. The trivialities and majesties of nature—how unheeding they are! Does God heed?

"Yes," she said; "I have, mother."

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"You did not show it to me, Mildred. You surely might have done."

"I wanted to do it quickly," said Mildred. "To make it irrevocable. If I'd shown it to you, we should have talked, and I might have weakened."

A perfect stillness—which lasted, perhaps, a quarter of a minute—followed, during which the thrush in the next garden executed one of his most brilliant passages.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Anstey presently, as though aware that this decision of Mildred's was to last such a long time, and was so very irrevocable, that there was no need even to hurry the account of it.

"Well, now, what could I say, mother?" said Mildred, still propping her chin, and with a look of dark earnestness in her eyes, perhaps partly attributable to the waning light. "I simply said that it was impossible. I told him that Mary had shown such a talent for painting that you and I felt that we could not stand in her way when she wished to go to the Academy schools; that Madge was still at school; and that Arnold had decided not to take orders, but to devote himself to literature, and that he meant to go on a sort of globe-trotting expedition for four or five years and write something really fine out of his gathered experiences."

"Well," said Mrs. Anstey, who had listened patiently, "you've accounted for everybody but yourself, Mildred."

"Well, I simply told him that—what he asked—was impossible. As things are, I could not leave you, though Jack were wanting a wife ever so. If he had stayed quietly at home and settled down to his father's practice, I might have married him and looked after you at the same time, mater. But, you see, he *would* go and be a medical missionary away among the foothills of the Himalayas, and so he'll either have to do without a wife or find someone else."

Mildred had risen also whilst saying this, and now held out both hands towards her mother preparatory to hauling her out of the low deck chair. Very tenderly the elder lady placed her own thin hands in Mildred's. "You would not have had him stay, Mildred?" she said. The next moment she was not only hauled out of her chair, but held tight to Mildred's bosom.

"No, mother, I would not," faltered Mil-

dred, savagely fighting back the tears. "He's my hero even though he may never be my husband, and—I'd rather have it that way about than the other." And Mildred laughed and kissed her mother's forehead, and, giving her an arm, the two went slowly into the house.

But that night Mildred wept herself to sleep.

"Oh, dear love," she murmured, "how I long to go to you! How I long to share your splendid work! How I long to be your fellow-missionary in very truth! But it cannot be. The trivial round is mine—the common task; others must do the noble tasks of the world. I must stay at home and take care of mother—'Room to deny ourselves.'"

II

WHAT quality exactly it was in the book which carried it round the world, which made it the "best selling book" of the year both in England and America, which made it inquired for at every library, read in palace and cottage, on shipboard, on lonely veldt, in Canadian shack, in lumberers' camp, on New Zealand sheep-farm—in fact, wherever English-speaking folk foregathered, it would be impossible to say. It was one of those mysterious books for the success of which publisher, public, and critic seek in vain for an adequate reason. Its author was not only unknown to fame, but absolutely unknown—at least, as far as the general public was concerned. That the name Conroy Carson was a *nom de plume* everybody presumed, but whose personality it covered was another question. Sometimes an author's name will sell a book—for a time; but Conroy Carson had never been heard of before, and besides, whoever he was, he kept himself very close, for not even a photograph of him appeared in the illustrated papers, or a single paragraph, revealing his methods of work or the colour of his eyes, in the "snippety" press—not one!

"Have you read 'The Trivial Round,' Jack?" said Arnold Anstey as he sat with Dr. John Manners on the veranda of his house, which adjoined the hospital and commanded a view of a semicircle of glistening and glorious peaks, coldly remote under the stars, with a dome-shaped mountain on the

"THE TRIVIAL ROUND"

left draped in its mantle of virgin snow. Yet close at hand was a flowery meadow through which the river flowed, and but a little lower down the valley commenced the semi-tropical jungle—a typical scene of the northern Punjab.

"I have indeed," said the doctor. "Ah, a very fragrant book. It just filled me with a longing inexpressible for the old church, for the village climbing up the hill, for an English meadow with its drowsy flocks, for the winding white roads, for the children bursting out of school, for the sight of the smithy and the wheelwright's shop, and all the old familiar scenes. I could have wept with longing for them, and yet, in spite of that, it inspired me with such zeal for my work, set up such a high standard of duty, and made even the most unimportant things appear so splendid, if done in the right spirit, that instead of making me out of love with my exile it made me glory in it. I think the keynote of the book is that verse of Keble's quoted somewhere:

"If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice."

"Do you know what it did for me?" said Arnold, pointing a long finger at his friend. "It made me feel a selfish, self-centred beast, and everything I have seen since I landed here has rubbed that conviction in. Jack, I am not fit to unlace your boots."

The doctor laughed.

"You are in a self-depreciatory mood, Arnold," he said. "But stop till you've written that great book of yours, and then we shall see about the boot-lacing idea."

"Now, Jack," said Arnold, "I'm serious, and I don't want you to treat the matter as a joke. I haven't got half the fun out of running about the world that I thought I should. I am coming to think, you know, that great work grows out of restfulness and meditation—not out of hustle and scurry. I seem to have been hurrying from pillar to post during the last eighteen months and accomplishing nothing. But I didn't see the true inwardness of it till I read that book, 'The Trivial Round.' I have always hitherto rather pooh-poohed the idea of the life of self-denial. It always appeared to me to be a little ancient."

"As ancient as Christ," said the doctor,

quietly, while the snow-peaks gleamed ghostly white under an Indian moon and the ebon field of heaven sown with innumerable points of light; "and as everlastingly true."

"Did it strike you, when reading 'The Trivial Round,'" said Arnold, "that the writer had a great, yearning soul that naturally chafed against prison bars, but, making the best of things, found a reward? It struck me that way, and I think it was that atmosphere in the book which did me so much good."

The doctor rose and passed into the house. Presently he returned with a little reading lamp and a paper-covered edition of "The Trivial Round." He settled himself again in his chair and opened the book at a place marked by a slip of paper.

"Listen," he said. "'O restless hands, reaching out after many things, be still. O searching eyes, ill-content with present beauty—the jewelled wealth of the dew-hung hedgerow, the blaze of poppies in the corner of the wheatfield, the poplars standing dark against the sunset—rest, rest. O straining ears, which long for the sound of a voice forbidden, listen to the sound of the stream singing among the stones and to the thrush singing, singing in the treetop. But, O heart of mine, beating through the seeming trivial days, break not. Even the Lord of Life pleased not Himself. Learn what that means. There's peace behind it.' That's splendid," he said, with a quiver in his voice. "Whoever wrote that felt poignantly."

"By the way," said Arnold, suddenly leaning forward towards his friend, and clutching at a sort of medallion which dangled at his watch-chain. "What does this mean? You don't mean to say, Jack—"

"I do," said the doctor.

"How long has that been on?"

"On my watch-chain?" queried the doctor, roguishly.

"You know what I mean," said Arnold.

"I asked her the week I went away—you were at Cambridge."

"And she said 'Yes' all right, Jack?"

"She said 'Yes' all right."

"Why haven't I known of it?" asked Arnold, dropping the trinket, which was a little framed miniature of his sister Mildred, to its resting-place against the doctor's vest.

"Did she never tell you?" queried the

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doctor, leaning forward, too, in his chair. "I thought you knew."

"She never told me," said Arnold, "and the mater never told me. I wonder why? When is the wedding to be?"

The doctor sighed. Then he inserted his thumb and finger into his watch pocket.

"That is the ring I gave her before I came away three years ago," he said.

"And how in the world do you come to have it in your pocket then?" said Arnold in sudden alarm.

"She returned it to me over eighteen months ago—in fact, just before you left home. I wrote her, asking her to come out and marry me. She said a missionary ought to have a wife, and that as she could not come to me for years—certainly not during her mother's life—it would be better that I should have my freedom. I did not send the ring back to her, as she had definitely returned it to me; but I said that I should wait for her, if I waited all my life, and—I'm waiting."

"Do you—mind—if I—Do not return the ring, Jack? I'd like to keep it."

"I—don't understand."

"Well, to be perfectly plain, I'm going to take it back to Mildred."

III

MILDRED ANSTEY always looked upon a certain day in June, almost exactly two years after the one on which this story commenced, as the most eventful of her life. It is possibly true that misfortunes never come singly, but they are not the only things that come in troops. If a man is to count his blessings "one by one," he will have to separate them carefully first, or he will miss a number.

There would have been quite enough to make a red-letter day if only by the fact of Arnold's expected return to the fold. Madge, now a staid young lady with her hair up, was simply wild with excitement. To her imagination Arnold was a Livingstone, a Speke, and a Stanley rolled into one. What he had not seen and done did not seem to her worth seeing or doing. And he was expected home to-day.

But the postman was responsible for the biggest surprise. Mildred was always down first in the morning. Letters from a certain

quarter had been fairly frequent lately, and she had taken care to hide them or burn them before the rest of the family appeared on the scene. Another, evidently from the same source, lay on the breakfast table. She opened it guiltily, and something which looked alarmingly like a cheque fluttered to the tablecloth.

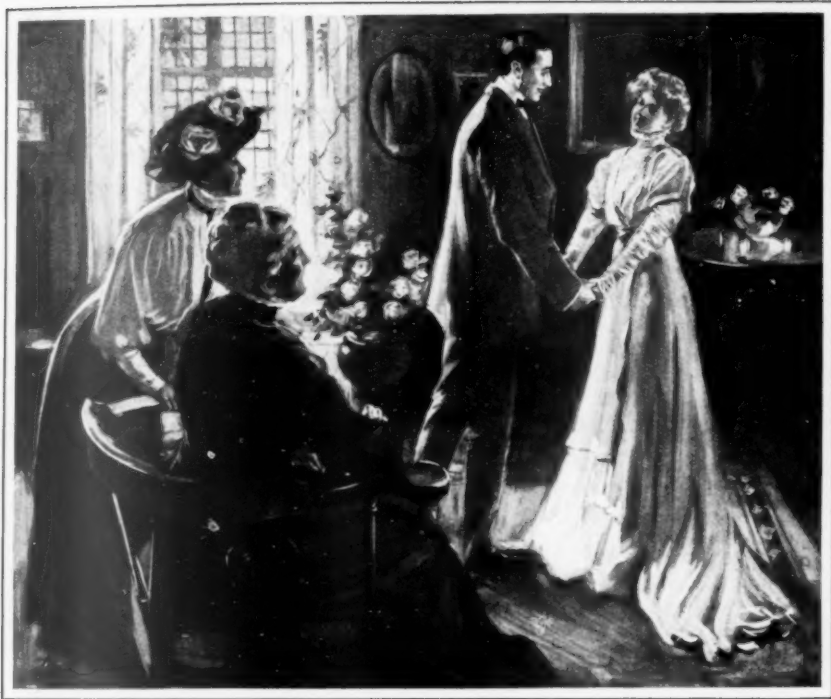
Mildred snatched it up, and stared at it as though she could not credit the witness of her own eyes: "Pay to Miss Mildred Anstey or order the sum of one thousand one hundred and seventeen pounds ten shillings. Signed—Wernher Reid." A very matter-of-fact sort of document which accompanied the cheque set forth the fact that it consisted of the accumulated royalties—amounting to about threepence per copy after the first thousand had been sold—on the book entitled "The Trivial Round."

Now the very natural question may arise, How was it that Mildred should be surprised? Whatever the ignorance of the public as to the identity of the author, she knew; and she must also have known something of the book's success.

It was all the fault of "the trivial round"—both the book's success and Mildred's failure to realise its extent. In the first place, the book had been written out of the experience of her heart—out of its very substance, rather—and it had appealed, strangely, wonderfully appealed, to the hearts of readers of all types and classes.

But it did not do so immediately. The first news Mildred had of it was that it was going very slowly. Then, though she did not know it, a famous bishop based a sermon upon it, and immediately the book leapt into fame. Almost every clergyman in the land preached about it, Mildred's vicar—Canon Burstow—among the number. Mildred had just made up her mind to tell her mother and the vicar and one or two intimate friends, under a vow of secrecy, that she was the author of the book; but, after sitting in the church through the most miserable twenty minutes she had ever spent in her life, though the Canon was highly laudatory, she went home vowing that wild horses should not drag the secret from her.

Living in a quiet village, with not even a brother to bring her the news of the world, how was Mildred to know that the book had sold a hundred thousand copies in seven



"'Hail, Conroy Carson!' he said"—p. 64.

weeks? She had a most exaggerated notion of the number of books which went to the making of a thousand, and even when her book was the talk of two Continents she was dusting the hall, helping the maid-of-all-work in the kitchen, and thinking the fact that the publisher had asked her to write another book, pointed to the more astounding fact that "The Trivial Round" had reached its second thousand, and would now begin to yield her threepence a volume.

So she stared at the cheque as though it were something bewitched. Then she rushed upstairs, into her mother's room, and flung herself upon the dear lady, who was still abed.

"Mother! mother!" she cried. "I've unbelievable news! It's like a fairy tale."

Madge, who was in the bath-room, hearing certain words which sounded exciting, rushed pell-mell into her mother's room too, and at sight of Mildred, clutching a handful of papers, and now standing with shining eyes by the side of the bed, she halted at

its foot, and the three looked at one another for a breathing space.

"You'd never guess," said Mildred. "No, not if you were to have a thousand tries."

"We'll give it up," said Madge.

"I've just got a cheque for one thousand one hundred and seventeen pounds ten shillings," said Mildred, and wondered to hear herself saying it in her ordinary, everyday voice. "And it's yours, mother, every farthing of it. Oh, I'm so glad—so glad!" And Mildred incontinently flopped her head on the bed and cried as if she had lost a thousand pounds instead of gaining them.

Mrs. Anstey stroked her hair, whilst Madge patted her shoulder.

"But you haven't told me a word about it," said the mother, when at last Mildred looked up and dabbed her eyes with the corner of the sheet.

"I'm Conroy Carson, who wrote a silly little book, up in the attics, called 'The Trivial Round,' and it's—it's"—Mildred

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showed symptoms of breaking down again, but was stroked and patted into continuing—"sold—I think—a hundred and thirty-five thousand copies—and—this is the cheque for—royalties."

"And you never told me, even when you caught me crying over that book!" said Madge, dramatically. "Well, I wouldn't have believed you could have done it, Mil. But you might have told us, so that we could have chortled a bit."

"My little stay-at-home," said her mother, with the tears standing in her eyes, as she drew Mildred's head down to her and kissed her hair.

But Mildred's great reward came later in the day. Madge had gone to meet the traveller, because Mildred could not be in two places at once; but she had had strict injunctions not to tell tales by the way. Nevertheless, the temptation proved too strong, and when Arnold had kissed his mother twenty times and stroked her grey head it was Mildred's turn.

"Hail, Conroy Carson!" he said, and if he had not had both Mildred's hands imprisoned in his own Madge might have received a shaking.

"You wicked one!" said Mildred.

"No wonder it appealed to me so much," said Arnold; "and to Jack."

"You don't mean to say he had read it?" gasped Mildred.

"He had. He read passages to me, and said that someone who had suffered in silence had written it—and—I agreed with him."

"It's nonsense!" cried Mildred. "Suffered indeed! That's the worst of writing a book. It sounds like squealing."

"He's—waiting for you, Mildred; and—he has sent this by special messenger."

Arnold held up, between his finger and thumb, a ring set with pearls and rubies.

"Mother!" wailed Mildred, and the next moment she was crying for the second time that day against her mother's shoulder.

"I've come home specially to take a hand in this matter," said Arnold presently. "Your bonny book turned *me* inside out, as you once said, Mil, and showed me what a selfish beast I was."

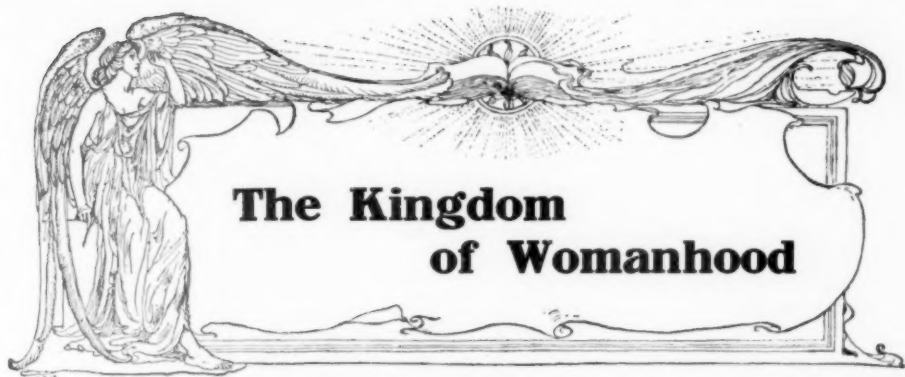
"No, no!" from everybody.

"Well, be that as it may, I'm staying at home. If the Church will accept me, I am ready. And Madge—little Madge with her hair up—she will try to fill Mildred's shoes. Yes, we've talked it over—it's a full mile from the station. And, Mildred, as soon as you can get your trousseau together——"

Then they all laughed, and the strain was broken. At family prayers that night they sang "O timely happy." A smile went round the little circle when the "trivial round" verse came, but for some unaccountable reason—something made up of partings, and longings, and yearnings—the last verse had a struggle to reach its ending:—

"Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray."





The Kingdom of Womanhood

No. 1.—ON DRUDGERY

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSE

IT has been said, with some truth we must acknowledge, that women's wider interests and greater opportunities for useful work are making them less contented with the purely domestic sphere. Young women seem to feel that it is something of a disgrace to be interested in domestic matters; that their ideals ought to include a career in life, a business or profession for which they will receive a return in hard cash; that domestic responsibilities are for the dull and middle-aged, so that they can be safely shelved for future consideration. The result is that domestic training occupies an inferior plane, compared with other branches of women's work, and the women who are compelled to stay at home either rebel openly or in secret, because they are the drudges of their sex, or resign themselves to the dullness of their lot.

A Wrong Point of View

The point of view is entirely wrong. What is needed is a more healthy attitude of mind with regard to household work. The idea that the simple home duties of the wife and mother are less important and dignified than tapping a typewriter, inspecting factories, or attending lectures, is simply absurd. The woman who makes one home happy is doing the very best work in the world. It is not every woman who is clever enough, great enough, to succeed as a home maker. It is easier to paint pictures or teach French than to perform efficiently the innumerable duties of the housewife and mother.

But how many women are successful

home makers? There are far too many slipshod homes, irritable husbands, and undisciplined children in the world.

Unhappy Marriages

Ninety per cent. of unhappy marriages are the fault of the wife. Upon her tact and moral standard depend almost entirely the manners and morals of the husband. She gives the tone to the home; the happiness or unhappiness of every member of the household very largely depend upon her wisdom. And one of the first essentials of a happy home is good management. The husband whose home is quietly and unostentatiously made comfortable and pleasing to the eye is, other things being equal, a better husband to his wife than the man who knows the meaning of bad cooking and discomfort in the home. The good housewife has at least the respect of her husband, and respect is one of the chief ingredients of the elixir of love. And if a woman cannot run a household smoothly and efficiently she has no business to get married, no right whatever to blame her husband if he turns out badly after marriage. Before a girl marries she ought to know the business of domestic life. No higher education is worth the name if it does not include instruction in the science and art of housewifery. The great mass of women have to take a personal share in the affairs of the home, and how much more easily and pleasurably they will do their work if they have been properly taught! They will take a pride in doing it well. They will realise

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that the clever woman, the woman with brains and character, is she who will do what is so wrongly called "menial work" with thoroughness and interest. The people who think it degrading for a woman to cook good dinners and attend to the cleanliness of her saucepans are old-fashioned. All the best schools in the country are having housewifery classes introduced into the curriculum. The new school of higher education teaches girls that it is the practical application of science to the home that is important; that a knowledge of hygiene and physiology is useless if a girl does not know how to sweep out a room and cook a decent meal.

Where Real Dignity Lies

And it is a grand thing for our country that we are coming round to this point of view; that we are beginning to realise the dignity of honest labour, the vulgarity of being ashamed of "doing one's own work." The "home women" ought to be thankful that they have somebody to work for, that they have to spend their days busily in cooking, dusting and "clearing up." The women who are to be pitied are not the ones who have to work hard in the home, but those who have long, empty days to get through, who have no duties which must be done day by day, nobody for whom they must work. All work is valuable if done in the right spirit, but I think there is something peculiarly satisfying in the work of the home. Perhaps, because it really is "woman's true sphere." How often is the remark made disparagingly when our sex asks for wider interests in commercial, professional or political life! As if the home sphere was inferior to any other or incompatible with wider interests. No, the home is indeed woman's chief sphere, but not necessarily her only one. The home women have to do the most important of women's work, but their horizon need not and should not be limited to household interests. We do not expect the grocer to confine his interest to sugar and tea, nor ask the doctor to limit his attention to writing prescriptions and curing disease. Nor, because housework is arduous and calls for energy and concentration, must we expect the home women to have no other interests or duties besides.

The Art of Happiness

The art of happiness is to do our work thoroughly, to instil method into our days,

so that we have definite hours for different interests from our routine work. Too many domestic women "muddle through." They go about their work in a wrong way, and look upon it as drudgery to be got through somehow, anyhow. Of course it is drudgery if they do it in that spirit. They feel "ill-used" because they have to spend their time in "sordid things," such as making puddings and polishing tables. So they lose interest; their characters deteriorate, and they have not got it in them even to keep up their intellectual pursuits, to take a decent interest in art and literature, politics and social reform. It is not their line, they will tell you; they have to "drudge along" at home.

The Greatness of Housework

What a hopeless point of view! How far they are from realising the great truth that by participating in housework, in home making, they are taking part in the greatest institution in the world! The home is the unit of the State; the nation would be nothing without home life. The woman at home is Empire building just as much as the statesman. It is only a matter of degree.

So the moral is, realise the dignity of doing housework in an able way, with a cheerful mind. Do it well, with the knowledge that you are doing grand work. But do not let it absorb you. You are a wife and mother first of all, but you are an individual with an intellectual life, a mind and soul which must grow and develop as well. You must make many interests for yourself if you are not to stand still. You must have definite hours for reading, study, and social life if you are to do your best in the home. Do not allow your home life to become monotonous and dull. If you do, you must be a dull person yourself, the sort of woman who declares that her work is drudgery, who has no horizon. Stop talking inanely about domestic drudgery. Do your work well, and be thankful that you have it to do. Learn all you can, so that you may do your work better. Do not waste your time yearning for bigger work, for a wider sphere. If you are the mistress of a home where comfort, health, and happiness reign, you must be doing splendid work. Better work by far than painting poor pictures and writing bad books. There is only one thing: be sure that you are worthy of the work allotted to you.



READY.
(From the Painting by Bernard F. Gribble.)

Jake's Team

A Complete Story

By Mrs. SLADE NASH

JAKE loved his team. There were six of them in all, Rupert and Polly, Bess and Tramp, great Blackbird, shining till you could see your face in her glistening flanks, and gentle Flora, the old grey mare.

It was Jake's delight to get up early, before it was light, and give his horses an extra rub down before they started out for the day's work. They all knew him, and would whinny as he came into the stable in the grey morning with his lantern.

"Bless you, they'm like Christians," Jake would say, which was his way of telling you they were like human beings.

It was in the early autumn that the first catastrophe happened. Jake had worked for the master, man and boy, since he was fifteen—a matter of thirty years—and now his boy Tim was waggoner's boy, and helped his father with the team. It was through Tim it happened. Tim was too self-confident. He had yet to learn from experience his father's valuable gift of caution and trustworthiness.

He would start off with one of the cart horses to take fruit to the market town. He enjoyed tearing along at a break-neck pace, leaning back in the flat of the cart, with the reins loose in his hands, while Blackbird or Rupert covered the ground in half the time a steadier driver would have taken.

Jake's wrath was only equalled by his sorrow when Tim returned one day leading Blackbird, and without the cart.

"Poor Blackbird be cut to pieces, father," he said. "She tripped on a stone."

With practised hand and eye Jake examined the damage done. There were one or two superficial scratches, and on one foreleg, just at the shoulder, a gaping wound that laid the bone bare.

"Mit as well say you'd a-throwed her down, and a-done with it," Jake said scathingly. "A pretty mess to bring her home in. Where's the fruit, and what will the master say?"

Tim began to sniff, and explained through

his tears that the fruit had all been upset in the road, and a passing cart had taken the load on into the town.

There was no doubt the accident was a serious one, and Jake's wrath with his son smouldered, while the master's blazed out in angry resentment at the undoubted carelessness Tim had shown.

Jake suffered as much as Blackbird for the next two days, and spent every anxious moment he could spare from his work, wringing out the cold water bandages and applying them to the raw wound. No one was more joyful than he when, on the third day, Blackbird began to eat and drink with some show of appetite, and could be persuaded to move her stiff shoulder and leg for a pace or two. All went well for a fortnight, and at the end of that time Jake went whistling to his work in the sunshine, instead of creeping along dejectedly, with a cold fear of the wound to his favourite "taking bad ways."

It came on him, therefore, like a bolt from the blue when one bright October morning he entered the loose box where Blackbird had been kept alone since the accident and found her worse. It was such a terrible relapse, too. Jake knew too well the meaning of the protruding neck and sunk shoulders. He hastened to the house to see the master. The master had once had some training in a veterinary college, and Jake knew that he could tell in a moment if what he feared was true.

"Blackbird's very bad, sir," he said breathlessly. "Please to come."

It needed but a glance of the practised eye, and the master endorsed Jake's worst fears.

"Lockjaw, by all that's blue. And the best horse in the team. There, Jake, you soft! don't stand crying like a woman, but help me to save her, if it's possible."

Jake dashed a grimy hand across his eyes.

If he had the soft heart of a woman, he showed also an amazing resourcefulness in his quick obedience to the orders given.

JAKE'S TEAM

And his hand did not tremble as he helped the master, and a veterinary hastily summoned from the nearest town, in the succeeding futile fight with the insidious enemy.

For two days they tried all the known remedies. At the end of the second it became apparent to them all that Blackbird, with her rigid jaw and drooping shoulders, was being slowly starved to death.

Jake standing heavily silent, as the veterinary and his master passed from the stable, heard fragments of their low spoken conversation: "Quite hopeless—kinder to end it—"

Then, in answer to a question which he did not catch, the doctor's clearly spoken "Oh, don't tell me, a sportsman like yourself! You know as well as I do how and where!"

Their voices and steps died away, and Jake turned dully, and leaned his head against his black favourite.

He was only a waggoner, and his intelligence was dulled perhaps by the daily monotony of his laborious life.

Backwards and forwards, up and down the clods, he had toiled, "ploughing his lonely furrow." Yet his heart was full to bursting with an agony of sympathy for this dumb creature who shared his life's work; yes! and who, Jake felt sure in his confused, chilled consciousness, returned and was grateful for his rough affection.

Even now Blackbird turned her dull eye slowly round towards Jake, and tried to whinny gently as she was wont in answer to his caress.

The attempt ended in a gasping moan, and her flank quivered pitifully.

The shining gloss was gone, and her hide felt hot and dry to the touch. Jake's tears made a little channel in the dusty surface, as his head rested against her. How he would have liked to stay by her that night, and do what he could for her! Her parched lips were drawn back from the dry gums. He could moisten them with water, even if she could not swallow it.

But no! he knew he must not do it. It



"Jake examined the damage done."

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was not the master who would have interfered. It was Sara Jane at home—Sara Jane—whose special prerogative it seemed was to remind her husband of all that he was not and all that he might have been. With heavy movements Jake littered the stable floor with fresh clean straw. He placed a bucket of cool clear water within Blackbird's reach, though he knew she could not drink.

"It cools the air like," he muttered. Then he turned at the door before he went out to take a last look.

On a nail near the door hung a little red object. Jake looked closer in the dim light. It waved in the draught of the door—the two ear caps he had bought for Blackbird with money he had saved from Sara Jane's meagre allowance for his weekly "baccy." The tears started to his eyes again. "She wunnot need they no more," he sobbed, and stumbled out, shutting the door gently behind him.

In his home Sara Jane moved round, setting the supper. Tim sat by the fire, with a basin of soup on his knee; he looked up rather sheepishly as his father entered.

"Well, Jake, yer old fool, what's up now?" his wife asked sourly. She was aggravated by his late appearance, and still more by the absence of apology from the bowed figure as it shuffled into the room.

"Only the old mare," Jake said. "I couldn't leave her before."

"That's right, crying and blubbering about a dumb creature as if it was a Christian. You wouldn't think so much of your wife, I'll be bound."

Sara Jane spoke harshly. She slapped the bread and cheese down on the table, and threw some baked potatoes before her husband.

His throat was husky; he could not have answered if he had tried. He felt no bitterness or resentment; nor did he consciously contrast the affection of his dumb friend with the continuous nagging of his wife. But a wearied thought took form.

"Oh, let her leave me in peace to-night."

And it breathed in his rough prayers later—"Oh, God, keep Sara Jane quiet, and, if it be Thy will, make Blackbird better."

The power of God and the influence of the simple life he led had kept Jake in his forty-fifth year with the heart of a little child.

Before daybreak he crept out quietly so as not to disturb his sleeping wife and his son. It was full two hours before they need join him.

It was so dark that he had to feel his way to the stable door. Against the outline of the window he saw no interposing form. Blackbird, then, must be lying on the stable floor. Well, he had expected that. She was so weak—it was nothing unusual. So he comforted himself, and felt his way to the recumbent form. He stretched out his hand and patted her tenderly.

"Poor Jake! poor old Jake!" the master said, and an unwonted emotion choked his voice. "He went to pat his old mare, and found her stiff and cold. I couldn't rest for thinking about her, and all that she would have to suffer—convulsions and other horrors one hears of with lockjaw—so I got up about two in the morning, and took the veterinary doctor's advice, and went out and shot her quietly before anyone was about. I meant to be up and meet Jake before he went into the stable. It must have been a bad shock to him, poor fellow, he simply loved his team. It was over in a second. She never turned a hair. But Jake's face when he came to me, well, it makes one sit up to think how a poor fellow like that can care for a brute beast, and grieve his heart out when it has to suffer. I can't think of a verse he reminds me of—I keep thinking I've got it, and then, just as I'm trying to grasp it, it's gone again."

His young brother who was spending his vacation with him, looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Is that it, James?" he said, taking a volume from the bookshelves lining the room, and after a moment spent in finding the place he handed it to his brother.

"Yes, that's it; that's just like Jake. I've often said his example was as good as a sermon. That puts it in a nutshell."

Then he read Coleridge's well-known lines with a thrill of feeling in his voice which would have surprised Jake, who only knew the master as a hard and rather exacting man.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All creatures great and small,
For the dear God Who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Our New Competition

By THE EDITOR

First Prize: A Splendid Sewing Machine

Six Prizes of "Thermos" Flasks

Twelve Handsome Book Prizes

THERE is every indication that our new competition, which I announced two months ago, is being taken up heartily by my readers. I am anticipating that by the end of January I shall have at our offices a fine display of dressed dolls from all parts of the world.

One of the signs that the competition is being taken up is the number of applications for membership in the League of Loving Hearts which I am daily receiving. This of itself means that the ten charitable institutions at home for which we are working will receive welcome contributions.

As there may be some doubt in the minds of competitors on some of the details connected with the competition, and for the sake of those who may have missed the previous announcements, I will briefly deal with the points.

The Best-Dressed Doll

The competition is for the best-dressed doll suitable for use in mission work. Not more than one shilling must be spent on the doll and the materials with which it is dressed. This is important to remember, and, of course, I am relying on my readers' honour to observe this condition faithfully.

Objects of the Competition

The objects of the competition are threefold. First of all, we want to encourage and help workers of the various missionary societies in the foreign field—and especially zenana workers in India—with the gift of a number of dolls. The dolls are in great request as prizes and gifts, and are highly appreciated by their recipients—not only girls, but women.

The second object of the competition is to encourage and help the ten societies mentioned at the foot of this article, and for whose benefit the League of Loving

Hearts is organised. It will be seen that every competitor, besides making a gift of a doll to some poor distant sister in heathen lands, is rendering help to such thoroughly deserving institutions as Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Ragged School Union, Miss Agnes Weston's Work, &c.

The third object of the competition is to encourage the ingenuity and taste of the competitors, and to afford them pleasant, useful occupation for the winter evenings.

The Prizes

There are nineteen prizes in all. The First Prize is one of Frister and Rossmann's magnificent vibrating shuttle hand and treadle sewing machines. The machine is encased in a drawing-room cabinet with six drawers, with two massive panel doors, and the cost is £10 2s. 6d. The machine itself is of the very finest type now produced, and in addition the cabinet will be an ornament to any room. A complete set of attachments, with instruction book, &c., is sent with the machine.

The next six prizes consist of "Thermos" flasks. These flasks are familiar, by name at least, to most of my readers. They will keep liquid at practically the same temperature for twenty-four hours, and are valuable, not only for invalids, but for picnics, &c.

In addition to these, there will be twelve handsome book prizes.

Societies to Receive the Dolls

I am hoping that more dolls will be sent in than any one society can cope with. This is a large hope, but even if it is fulfilled there will be no difficulty in that direction, for the dolls will be divided among the principal missionary societies of Great Britain. One half will be sent to the Church Missionary Society, whose splendid work all my readers are familiar with. Then the other dolls will be sent

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to such well-known societies as the London Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Presbyterian Foreign Missions, the United Free Church of Scotland Foreign Missions, &c. Those of the competitors who desire their gifts to go to any particular society may state so when sending.

Who may Compete

The competition is open to all members of the League of Loving Hearts. There is no restriction of age, nor of locality, nor of sex.

A correspondent asks whether original members of the League are entitled to enter without paying a fresh subscription. Most certainly, though I think it would be nicer if all our original members could see their way to making an annual subscription of at least a shilling. This sum is so small to the individual, and yet so much when multiplied by the many, that I feel that few cannot afford to take the opportunity of helping in the charitable work of the League.

Those who are not members of the League, and desire to compete, may become members at once by filling in the coupon, to be found in the advertisement pages, and sending it, with one shilling, to The Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

The Dolls to Send

All the dolls sent in for this competition are to be of use in the mission field. It is therefore important to remember the hints I gave last month as to the kind of doll that is acceptable. The principal things to note are these: (1) All the dolls should be dark-haired, or dark-headed—light hair is despised in Oriental countries. (2) They should not have white dresses; plain white is the colour of mourning and the badge of widowhood in India. (3) They should not be made of wax, for wax melts quickly

in hot countries. (4) They should not be nigger dolls. Black-faced dolls are not appreciated by natives.

These points are not put in as conditions of the competition, but simply as guides, so that our gifts will be properly appreciated in the countries to which they go.

How and When to Send

The last date for receiving the dolls is January 31st, 1910. There is, of course, no need to wait until then; dolls may be sent in at once. Care should be taken in packing, so that the little packages are not damaged, and especial care should be taken that the address is securely attached. Address the parcels to

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La Belle Sauvage,

London, E.C.

marking on the left-hand bottom corner "Competition." No money should be sent inside the parcels. If readers wish to join the League in order to compete, their contributions must be sent separately.

Competitors must see that a label containing their own name and address is securely attached to the doll itself. "Miss" or "Mrs." must be designated.

The First Step

I am hoping that readers all over the world are preparing to enter for this competition. Foreign and colonial readers—of whom I trust many will take part—must be sending in their contributions almost immediately; British readers still have some time for preparation. But the first step should be taken now: if you are not already a member of the League of Loving Hearts, send your application, with the entrance fee of one shilling, which, let me repeat, is divided among the following ten societies:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.
BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.



AS the year wanes and the days grow shorter and colder, tea-time assumes an importance which it certainly did not possess during the warmer months which have passed. But however cosy the room, with its drawn curtains and cheerfully blazing fire, the tea-table does not seem quite complete without the accompaniment, in some shape or other, of hot cakes.

It is interesting to observe how different are the forms which these teacakes take in various parts of the country. For instance, in Scotland—the so-called “land of cakes”—the variety and perfection of scones are a source of wonder and delight to the visitor. The good dames of Yorkshire pride themselves on the buns and teacakes which, with the addition of butter, are eaten hot from the oven, whilst their next-door neighbours, the Lancashire housewives, make delicious “light-cakes” and other “cookies” of the “spongy” order, which, to be eaten in perfection, must, like the London muffins and crumpets, be delicately toasted and plenteously buttered.

Hot cakes for tea are divided into two varieties, *i.e.* scones and teacakes. The chief differences are that the former are cooked on a griddle and have baking powder or carbonate of soda and cream of tartar as the medium to facilitate rising, whilst the latter are generally baked in the oven and made with yeast. Scones are the more wholesome for everyday consumption, the richer teacakes being used to grace the table on a more important occasion.

Soda Scones

This is a very simple and quickly made recipe, but to be perfect the scones must be cooked on a griddle. They taste quite

different, and seem to lose their character when baked in a closed oven.

Take three-quarters of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, the same quantity of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and mix them well together, crushing out any lumps with the back of a spoon. Put a pound of dry flour in a basin, add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. (The little yellow pieces that have such a disagreeable flavour which are often found in home-made scones are particles of soda that were not properly powdered.) Make a hole in the centre of the flour and pour in half a pint of milk, using a long-bladed knife to mix with. The scones will be lighter if made with sour milk. Turn the dough on to a well-floured board, and knead it quickly and lightly with the fingers. Press out to a round shape, about half an inch thick. Divide into as many scones as you like, flour each one on both sides and place them on the griddle. The griddle may stand on the closed stove whilst the scones are being made. It should be thoroughly warm through, but not too hot, or the outsides of the scones will be hard and crusty before the centres are done. They take from twelve to fifteen minutes to cook, and must be turned every few minutes. They can be split and buttered and served on a hot folded napkin, or allowed to get cold and then be toasted. If sweet scones are preferred, a little sugar, some currants or sultanas and chopped candied peel can be added, but in this case only a pinch of salt is required.

Scones Made with Butter

Ingredients : One lb. flour, 4 oz. butter (or clarified dripping), a pinch of salt, a large teaspoonful of baking powder and half a

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pint of milk. Rub the fat into the flour and add the salt. Mix to a dough with the milk, knead on a well-floured board, press into shape, divide and cook on a griddle.

Yorkshire Teacake

Required: One lb. flour, 2 oz. butter, 1 oz. lard, a pinch of salt, a spare $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of German yeast, a gill of warm (not hot) water, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of milk, 2 oz. currants or sultanas, and a little warm milk.

Rub the butter and lard into the flour and add the salt. Dissolve the yeast in a gill of lukewarm water. Make a hole in the centre of the flour and pour in the yeast. Mix a little of the flour with the liquid (just enough to make it about the consistency of cream), cover the basin with a cloth and leave it in a warm place. (The best plan is to stand it on the kitchen fender, taking care that no draught touches the basin.) When bubbles begin to break through the flour, add two eggs well-beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk, and knead all together. Then add as much warm milk as is necessary to make a smooth pliable dough. Score it across with a knife, cover and leave until it has risen, then work in the currants, divide into cakes, put them on a baking-tin and stand for a few minutes before the fire, and bake in a quick oven. Teacakes must not be turned whilst baking.

Sweet Teacakes

Ingredients: One and a quarter lb. flour (a mixture of Vienna and ordinary flour is a great improvement), one tablespoonful yeast, pinch of salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. castor sugar, 3 oz. butter, half a pint of milk, 2 eggs.

Warm the milk and melt the butter in it. Beat the eggs, put them into a bowl and add the yeast. Pour in the milk and butter and gradually stir the flour, sugar and salt into them. Beat all together, cover the basin, and set it in a warm place for about half an hour. Turn the dough on to a floured board, shape into cakes, place them on a baking-tin and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. If the cakes are of the "farthing bun" size, they will not take so long to bake. Split, butter and serve very hot. An excellent way of using up

potatoes is to make them into hot cakes. These are both delicious and wholesome, and may be partaken of in the nursery without any risk of disastrous consequences.

Here are three recipes. The first is for muffins, which are a welcome adjunct to the breakfast-table, and can be prepared overnight.

Take three large floury potatoes and mash them with $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and a little salt. Add sufficient warm water to make a thick batter. Pour in two well-beaten eggs, stirring all the time, and then sift in three pints of dry flour. Mix thoroughly and add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir in a small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and a teaspoonful of yeast and set in a warm place all night. Next morning bake the muffins in rings on a griddle. Split, butter and serve hot for breakfast.

American Potato Scones

Fill three breakfastcups full of potatoes, which have been mashed, with a very little butter and salt, and using the same cup, fill it twice full of dry flour and once full of boiling water. Mix all together and knead on a well-floured board. Roll out very thin, flour both sides and bake on a griddle. Split and butter.

Very Simple Potato Cakes

Take any potatoes that have been left from a previous meal, warm them, mash with a little boiling milk and salt. While still warm knead in sufficient flour to make a smooth paste. Roll out into cakes about half an inch thick, bake them on the griddle, butter and eat hot.

A number of persons prefer bread, &c., made of brown flour instead of white, and for the benefit of these I give the following recipe

Teacakes Made with Brown Flour

Rub 2 oz. of butter into $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of brown flour. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and mix with a little milk. Roll out and cut into rounds. Bake in a warm oven for about ten minutes. Split and butter.

NOTE.—Mrs. St. Clair will be glad to answer queries on the subjects dealt with by her in this department. Letters should be addressed "Home Department," QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I have had so many letters from readers asking for advice on how to deal with their savings, &c., that I have asked Miss Grundy to write a practical, non-technical article on the subject.

TAKING CARE OF A LITTLE CAPITAL

Some Hints for Inexperienced Investors

By ELLA G. GRUNDY

PERHAPS many of my readers have known of a middle-aged woman suddenly bereft of her husband, and left with a few hundreds of pounds wherewith to "make ends meet." How shall she invest them? Or a worker who has been putting small amounts by all his life is anxious to make his little capital provide his wants for the few remaining years of life. What shall he do with it?

I have been asked to give a few practical hints to those who are placed in circumstances like these.

All over the country there are such persons with a little capital which they would like to invest to advantage. It may be only a few pounds, it may be a few hundreds, but owing to their lack of financial education they do not know the best way of utilising it, and consequently are at the mercy of any unscrupulous adviser.

Apart from those who make a business of finance, it is perfectly astonishing how ignorant the majority of people are on money matters and the profitable employment of capital.

Not only this; but, not having a sum large enough to be called "capital" in the accepted sense of the word, they are inclined to be haphazard in their methods, disinclined to give any deep thought to the subject of investment, and consequently do not proceed with the extreme caution so necessary for the welfare of their money.

It is well known that the owners of small sums lose a hundredfold more than really rich people. Whenever there is a big financial crash it is always the small man who loses most. All the money swallowed up in bogus banks is the property of small investors who seem to require a financial earthquake to rouse them to use even the smallest amount of thought and caution.

The smaller the sum to invest the greater should be the caution in disposing of it.

Instead of buying shares on the strength

of a "catchy" company prospectus and leaving investments to look after themselves, every investor, however small his capital, should study and supervise his investments, learn how to avoid risk to capital and how to increase his savings by sound methods.

This article will indicate the lines on which the small investor should proceed, and there are several good books which deal plainly with the subject, so there is no need for anyone to remain ignorant of investment.

If only people applied a small fraction of the time which they devoted to earning money to taking care of it, they would be much better off than they are.

Before proceeding with hints and advice, let it be clearly understood that I have nothing to say on the subject of speculation, no safe plan to bring forward for making money rapidly.

Some Technical Terms

For the sake of those who do not really know the difference between "capital" and "interest," let me explain that "capital" is "accumulated wealth," otherwise "savings," and "interest" is the income obtained by the investment of "savings." Investment is the act of putting money profitably to work, *i.e.* putting capital where it will yield an income and not be exposed to great risk.

The embryo investor is also often ignorant of the term "par." "Par" is the name price of a share; for instance, a £100 share worth exactly £100 is said to be at par. When it stands at, say, £95 it is said to be 5 per cent. below par, while when it rises, say, to £110, it is above par.

Avoid Speculation

The first thing the small capitalist should determine upon is to have nothing to do with investments of a speculative character. He should view with the greatest suspicion the

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pamphlets full of glowing promises which reach him from the inferior kind of outside broker or "bucket shop." He should never buy shares for which he is not prepared to pay. There *may* be a rise in value before "settling day" which would enable him to sell and realise a profit without investing one penny of his own money. But it is more likely there will be a fall, and if he has bought without enough capital he is certain to be ruined.

Unless there are exceptional circumstances he should not buy shares on which he pays "so much down" and is liable for another payment or "call" at some future time.

Methods of Investing

The lazy investor can leave his money on deposit in a bank. There is no danger of losing the capital, but then the interest is never more than 3 per cent. in any safe bank, and in very few does it rise above $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This, of course, can hardly be called investing at all.

A perfectly safe but not particularly remunerative investment is Government stock, generally called "Consols." At the time of writing Consols can be bought at 84, *i.e.* an original £100 investment is now only worth about £84, so that those who bought at par, *i.e.* gave full value, and those who bought above par (for Consols have been as high as £114), have lost some of their capital should they elect to sell. But, on the other hand, Consols now pay an interest of £2 10s. per annum on every £84 invested, which is very nearly 3 per cent.

There is an old saying that "Large interest means bad security," and unless the investor has certain knowledge to the contrary he had better be guided by this rule.

Many people are compelled to try and make their investments produce the largest possible income, and are therefore prone to be guided by the interest offered rather than the worth of their investment. *Five per cent. on their money is the utmost they should try to obtain, for they should constantly bear in mind how very sad their case would be if they incurred a heavy loss of capital.*

Some of the very safest of investments are loans or debentures of municipalities and corporations of undoubted credit and standing; also railways and gas companies, waterworks and, when carefully chosen, trading concerns or businesses.

If investments of the last-named character are selected, care must be taken that there is a guarantee from some responsible person, or that the trading firm or business to which the money is advanced is thoroughly well established, and has at least two or three times as much invested in land and buildings as is taken on loan.

Mortgages may be considered a good investment, yielding a certain and immediate return. It is often possible to find an owner of property desirous of borrowing a few hundreds at 4 per cent. or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and willing to give ample security for the loan. Before acting on anyone's advice on the question of advancing the money it is well to personally visit the property, and above all to have it examined by a competent surveyor. The owner of the property should give an undertaking that it is not already mortgaged "up to the hilt," or indeed that there is no mortgage on it at all, and on no consideration should an investor advance more than two-thirds of the value.

In the suburbs of London and most large towns land forms an advantageous investment for the small capitalist. It is generally possible to purchase a site for a house or houses at a comparatively small cost, and in a district where there is certain to be an important increase in value within a comparatively few years. Of course, a little sound judgment is needed in the selection of the site.

The disadvantage of this form of investment is that it may be several years before there is any return, and that the Finance Bill of 1909, under discussion as I write, provides that the State shall take a certain proportion of the increased value of the land. But this is really not so serious a drawback to land investment as some would make out.

Stocks and Shares

But by far the greater number of investments are in some form of stock (limited liability), and, on the whole, they are the most remunerative.

There is practically no difference between the words "stock" and "share." All that the investor has to grasp is that "stock" is generally quoted at *so much per cent.*, "shares" at *so much each.*

Concerning limited liability companies, there is need for the greatest caution, for

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among the thousands of companies registered there are many in which it would be absolute folly to invest.

A golden rule for the small and inexperienced investor is "Never put your money underground." That is to say, steer clear of mines, unless you know a good deal about them.

In deciding on an investment in a company, the prospectus, if it be a new company, should be most carefully and critically read, and it should be seen that the profits are certified by some reputable firm of accountants. If not a new company, the investment should be in the preference stock, if such exist.

The reason for this is that preference shares are, as a rule, issued with a fixed accumulative dividend of from 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. "Accumulative" means that, should there not be enough profit to pay the dividend one year, the company is compelled to make up arrears out of the future earnings before paying the ordinary dividends.

"Preference" means, as a rule, greater security of dividend, but this may be at a smaller rate than that received by an ordinary shareholder. For however successful the company may be, the dividend on preference shares is *unalterable*, while the ordinary shareholders reap the advantage of the increased profits. But as I am writing for the small investor, who wants his money to be as safe as possible, I will repeat—Buy preference stock.

Another point to be ascertained before investing in a company is that there is no existing issue of "debentures," because, as a rule, the interest on debentures must be paid prior to all other dividends. "Debentures" are really a loan to a company on some security, and they are secured by a charge on the assets of the company, present or future. In other words, the debenture holders are the real owners of the company the investor is putting his money into, and if there is a "smash" these debenture holders must be paid out in full before even the creditors receive a halfpenny, much less the shareholders. Debentures or preference shares in a good trading company which has paid regular dividends for the last ten years,

and has a good reserve fund, are excellent investments.

Railways, bank shares, and stock that is guaranteed by foreign Governments, may be bought by the small investor, provided the Government in question is that of some well-known country, and not that of some insignificant state that has a revolution two or three times a year.

Buying Stock

For the purpose of investment it is necessary to employ a broker. Generally speaking, the small capitalist should steer clear of the outside broker, *i.e.* one who is not a member of the "House" (the Stock Exchange). Members of the "House" are not allowed to advertise, so it is a simple matter to avoid anyone who indulges in this form of publicity. The beginner will be wise to leave the arrangement as to the "broker" in the hands of his banker. The expense is practically the same, whether the broker be dealt with directly or through the bank, and there is always the satisfaction of knowing that no banker would employ anyone at all "doubtful." Most bank managers are ready to advise their clients as to their investments, even though they be only for small sums, and it is certainly wise to consult someone in a position to know the character of the proposed investment.

It is well to spread one's capital out in different directions, so that all one's financial eggs are not in one basket.

It must be remembered that rate of interest from investments must be calculated, not on the nominal value of the stock held, but on the actual cost to the investor. For instance, if £100 worth of stock which pays a dividend of 5 per cent. cost £150 to buy, the investor really only gets a dividend of $3\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., for he has to pay £150 to get the £5 interest.

It is impossible in a short article like this to do more than touch the fringe of the subject of investment, but perhaps I have said enough to save some inexperienced reader from hazarding his little all in unwise investments.



IS A VEGETARIAN DIET POSSIBLE?

By A PHYSICIAN

THE fundamental principles underlying all rational schemes of diet are that all foods contain certain essential constituents—proteids, carbohydrates and fats—in varying proportions. Prolonged experiment has shown the amounts of these that are absolutely needful; we may take it as proved that any diet that does not contain these essentials in sufficient quantity is not suitable for the food of man. Also we may take it these conditions are easily fulfilled by the ordinary mixed diet derived from both animal and vegetable sources.

Now the ordinary mixed feeder long ago found this out for himself, and as a rule he has no desire to change his manner of living. The vegetarian, on the other hand, who is still somewhat of a novelty in this country, is in a different position. Having chosen to feed differently from the majority of his fellows, he must be prepared to defend his position. He must be able to convince the scientific man that his diet satisfies the physiological needs of the body, and he must be able to supply the man in the street with food that he likes as well as, or better than, the food to which he is accustomed.

Can the strict vegetarian do this? Leaving the man in the street for the moment, and considering only the scientific aspect of the case, we may say at once that he can.

Where Knowledge is Essential

But he has certain difficulties to contend with. If, for instance, a man without knowledge decides to give up his meat, butter and milk, and proceeds to browse on the products of his vegetable garden and orchard, he will probably lose weight and acquire dyspepsia and other ills. Why is this? Because a great many vegetables are poor in proteid and fat, but very rich in carbohydrates. Consequently the unguided vegetable feeder, in order to secure the required amount of proteid, is forced to consume more carbohydrates than he can cope with. More than this—in most vegetables is a large amount of inert fibrous material that has no food value, and is

absolutely indigestible; so our would-be vegetarian consumes more bulk than is comfortable.

The ordinary man who visits a vegetarian restaurant, when telling of his adventures, always complains that he felt uncomfortably full for an hour or two, and then hungry, as though he had had nothing to eat. He then goes back to his steak or chop, and for ever after denounces vegetarianism as fit only for cranks and madmen. This is grossly unjust; the fault was not with the food provided, but with the ignorant feeder who did not know what to choose, and so chose badly.

A Banana Enthusiast

A striking instance of an unsuitable vegetarian diet is narrated by Dr. Noel Paton in *The Practitioner* for April, 1906, in the course of an exhaustive article upon dietetics. Dr. Paton was so fortunate as to meet with a misguided enthusiast, who contended that health and vigour could be maintained on a diet of bananas. To begin with, the person under observation, though 5 ft. 10½ in. in height, weighed only 52 kilos (about 8 stone); in five days he consumed 9½ lb. of bananas, with the result that he lost 2 kilos in weight, *i.e.* roughly 4½ lb.

We see here the evil effects of an irrational vegetable diet. But if the would-be vegetarian will make free use of cereals, nuts and leguminous plants, he will find ample material for the supplying of his needs. Oatmeal, for instance, contains weight for weight nearly as much proteid as lean beef, while certain beans contain much more.

But it is not proposed to give here an analysis of the food values of different vegetables; the aspiring vegetarian can doubtless obtain all such information from the priests of the vegetarian faith. The point insisted on is that as we are not yet a nation of vegetarians there is no recognised standard of normal vegetarian diet, and without expert guidance an ill- or uninformed vegetarianism may lead to disaster.

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Of course the problem is made much easier for what we may term the semi-vegetarian, who supplements his vegetables with eggs, milk, butter and cheese, all of high food value.

The Question of Digestion

The next point to be considered is—Is a purely vegetable diet as easily digestible as a mixed diet? The answer is undoubtedly—No. As was stated before, many vegetables contain a large amount of inert material; this is not only indigestible in itself, but also seems to be a protective shield, preventing the easy digestion and absorption of the nutritive contents. This difficulty may be overcome, however, by careful preparation and cooking, aided by a sound set of teeth.

Further—Is a vegetarian diet palatable? This is, of course, a matter of opinion, as to which we had better be silent. But it is supremely important. Reformers and doctors may preach themselves black in the face, but unless the vegetarian *chef* can supply the ordinary man with a dinner that he likes as well as his chop or steak, the ordinary man will pass by on the other side.

Some Disadvantages

We are now in a position to sum up the disadvantages of vegetarianism. In the first place, owing to the poor proteid (*i.e.* tissue forming) value of many vegetables, and their very high carbohydrate (starch and sugar) value, it is not easy to obtain a scientifically ideal vegetarian diet without great care in the selection of the foods consumed. As in this country there is no established vegetarian tradition to guide us, the vegetarian must either study dietetics for himself or put himself under the guidance of someone who has done so. This difficulty of course, will gradually become less serious with increased knowledge and familiarity.

In the second place, a vegetable diet, save after the most careful preparation, is not so digestible as a mixed diet. That this is a very real difficulty is shown by the existence of the numerous largely advertised cereal foods whose contending merits enliven the street hoardings. All of these base their claim for acceptance on the plea that

their method of manufacture has ensured that the nutrient constituents are presented in a form easy of digestion and capable of practically complete assimilation.

But, as the vegetarian will not wish to live entirely on patent foods, he must have a sound set of teeth.

Advantages of Vegetarianism

In what respects is the vegetarian better off than the mixed feeder? He must walk warily if he throws out a challenge based on purely scientific grounds. Here, I think, he need neither give nor take anything; a diet that in theory will supply the needs of the body to perfection can be obtained on either system.

On the ground of economy the vegetarian has real weight behind his arguments. Oatmeal and beefsteak contain weight for weight practically equal amounts of proteid; yet a poor family will spend a shilling on a steak for one meal. How many meals would a shilling's worth of oatmeal furnish?

The vegetarian, again, is upon sure ground when he abstains from eating the flesh of animals from humanitarian motives. This is a question that each must decide for himself. If you object to the slaughter of animals for food, you can quite well be healthy and wise without it.

The ordinary man eats meat because he likes it; it is useless for vegetable-eating enthusiasts to tell him he is slowly poisoning himself; he will not believe it, nor is there any reason why he should. The physiologist is on his side as well as his natural instinct.

Nor need the meat eater throw contemptuous stones at the vegetarian; the achievements of the rice-eating Japanese have given the vegetarian a weapon, very handy in argument, which he uses with almost irritating frequency. And is there not Mr. Eustace Miles?

Of course the man who habitually plays a good knife and fork frequently eats too much; perhaps, if he tried vegetarianism for a time, he would be less tempted to exceed and profit by his temperance. But it would surely be unkind in this connection to refer to the classical instance of the man who drank nothing but water yet was never thirsty.



Our Christmas Number

NEXT month we shall be presenting our double Christmas Number, and it will be of interest to my readers to hear of some of the items in that special issue.

First of all, there will be another long instalment of Annie S. Swan's serial story, "Love's Barrier." This gifted writer has already taken us in this number to a most interesting point, and I am sure all my readers will be looking forward to the development of the situation.

The Truce of Christmas

A special feature of the Christmas Number will be the illustrated articles. I have aimed at making the Christmas Number of THE QUIVER the brightest and most attractive issued. To this end, and at considerable cost, I am having a section of the magazine printed in colours. Basil Mathews, M.A., has written an article on "The Truce of Christmas," describing some of the most stirring scenes in history in which the Christmas festival has intervened between the contending parties and brought about a much-welcomed truce. This has been illustrated in colour. Another article, entitled "In Childland," gives some of the prettiest pictures of children ever published.

Christmas Stories

What every reader wants in the Christmas Number is plenty of good stories, and this is what our Christmas issue will be found to contain. We start off with a story of an outdoor Christmas by Ada Cambridge, the well-known Australian writer. This is beautifully illustrated in colour by Steven Spurrier. Other writers who have contributed stories to the number are Harold Begbie, Lillias Campbell Davidson, Florence

Bone, Oswald Wildridge, Montague Herbert, and A. B. Cooper.

A Long Complete Story

One of the chief features of the Christmas Number of THE QUIVER for many years past has been the long complete story. Such was our readers' appreciation of the story which Miss Ethel Heddle wrote last year, entitled "The Beloved Physician," that I have asked her to write another story for this year's issue. This she has done, and the result is "Daphne Adair's Wedding," one of the finest stories that this popular writer has yet produced.

The Bishop of Ripon

I have much pleasure in informing my readers that the Bishop of Ripon has written a special Christmas Message under the title "The Festival of the Heart." This helpful and eloquent sermon is accompanied by a new full-page portrait of the Bishop.

Is the World Growing Better?

Now that there are so many people inclined to be pessimistic with regard to the world's progress, I thought that a cheery article, full of hope and encouragement, would be appreciated by my readers. I have much pleasure in announcing that the Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D., of Bourne-mouth, is writing on the subject "Is the World Growing Better?" Mr. Jones gives an emphatic "Yes" to this question, and states his reasons with convincing force.

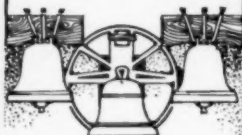
The Police as Philanthropists

At Christmas-time we shall all be thinking of the poor and needy, and an article by E. H. Rann, entitled "The Policeman as

SOME
CONTRIBUTORS
TO OUR
CHRISTMAS
NUMBER



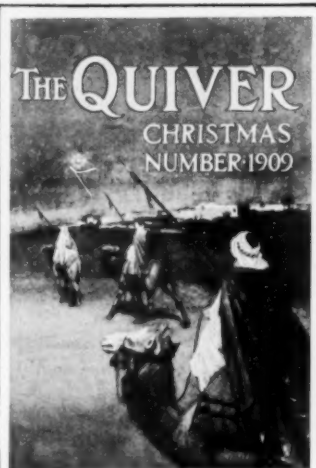
REV. J. G. STEVENSON.
(Photo: East and Looney,
Brighton.)



THE BISHOP OF RIPON
(Photo: Disham, Torquay.)



ETHEL F. HEDDLE.
(Photo: Hainek.)



ANNIE S. SWAN.
(Photo: Russell and Sons.)



HAROLD BEGBIE
(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)



ADA CAMBRIDGE.

H. N. B.

THE QUIVER

Philanthropist," will be read with much interest. Mr. Rann describes the good work which the police are quietly and unostentatiously doing in feeding and clothing the poor and outcast.

The Home Department

Our general features will be continued in the Christmas Number. In the Home Department Blanche St. Clair writes an informing article on "Christmas Fare." The series of "Letters on Life and Love," starting in this issue, will be continued next month, when "Amica" will direct her epistle to "A Man who Regrets his Matrimonial Engagement."

Christmas for Boys and Girls

The Christmas QUIVER will be full of interest for boys and girls. "Alison" gives one of her charming letters in the "How, When and Where Corner," Margaret Batchelor writes a Christmas story, Miss Emily Huntley tells of "Robin Redbreast," the Rev. J. G. Stevenson writes about the Christmas Bells, and Harold Murray describes "How we Got the Christmas Tree."

For Young and Old

I think I have said sufficient to arouse the interest of my readers in our Christmas Number. Of course, the names of the authors and articles cannot at all adequately describe the issue; but I hope that when the number is in the hands of my readers they will agree that it well maintains the reputation of THE QUIVER as being the best home magazine.

"The Light of the World"

THERE are still a few copies left of the beautiful engraving, "The Light of the World," by W. Holman Hunt, O.M., which I mentioned in the last two issues. Our Art Department has had this fine print artistically mounted and framed, as there have been so many inquiries for copies. Of course, we go to press some time in advance, and I cannot definitely guarantee that by the time this issue appears we shall still be able to supply copies. But if readers will forward their applications at once we shall do our best. Our Art Department is only charging 1s. 6d. for the picture, framed complete, post free to any part

of the British Isles, and a postal order for this amount should be sent (made payable to Messrs. Cassell and Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.), with the name and address to which the engraving is to be sent.

A Free Gift

EVERY purchaser of the British edition of this month's QUIVER should receive with their copy a free gift of the current issue of *Tiny Tots*. Of course, this free gift has meant a great deal of cost to the publishers, but I thought it would be a nice idea to let my British readers know of this splendid publication. As its title indicates, *Tiny Tots* is intended for the very little ones who have to be read to by mother, or for the children who have just learnt to read. The editor has recently struck out on fresh lines, and this month he has added considerably to the attractions of this magazine. I am hoping that by means of this free gift *Tiny Tots* will be introduced into thousands of homes to the delight of all the little recipients. Should any of my foreign or colonial readers desire a copy of *Tiny Tots*, a specimen will be sent to them on application to the publishers. Of course, some of the readers of THE QUIVER will have no use for this little present. May I ask in such cases if they will kindly pass it on to some home where they know it will be welcome?

"A Country Corner"

IN response to many inquiries, may I state that the serial story which closed last month, by Amy Le Feuvre, has been published, under the title "A Country Corner," by Messrs. Cassell and Company, Limited, London. Our readers may care to pass on this splendid story to their friends in a permanent form. I cannot imagine a more acceptable gift.

I am also requested to state that "Nancy and Her Small Holding, and Other Stories," by E. Boyd Bailey, which appeared some time ago in THE QUIVER, has been reprinted in book form by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, Norwich.

The Editor

The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

WE have it on Mrs. Quickly's authority that when Falstaff was in his last moments "a babbled of green fields." This may have been the old man's mind running back on the meadows and fragrant heathlands he had played on as a child, or it may have been (as is well contended) only a graceless way of saying that the man was muttering fragments of the Twenty-third Psalm, with its "green pastures" and "still waters," whereof he had learnt at his mother's knee while still an innocent child. Be this as it may, in either case, when at the extreme limit of a long and very chequered life, his thoughts were back on sweet memories of early days.

Environment and Early Training

It suggests a tender element in the make-up of us all. At the core of our hearts we are all very much what the scenes and associations of our earliest years have made us. Our later days may fix our calling for us, or may stamp our habits deep for good or ill, but we never get away from our first impressions, any more than a structure ever gets away from its foundation. If the foundation be weak, the structure will be tottery; if it slants, the house will lean; if it is solid and right, then what is built on it will be reliable. It is the simple explanation of much that is often perplexing. A man is noted for his hardness, graspingness, and seeming utter want of sympathy, yet now and again he surprises us by some glint of genuine emotion; or the man is usually pleasant and considerate, but amazes us at odd times by his harshness. It is the foundation—the early training, early impressions, early memories, with their strength or their rifts—telling on him still, so that he is often a mystery to himself.

This is no theory; it has been the common experience of men from the beginning, and has found its widest expression in the emphasis laid everywhere on a mother's influence; and, in later times and in more cultivated communities, in the endeavour to place children in the best surroundings possible for eye and ear, and every other avenue that leads to the heart. The wiser people grow, the more they lay their hope for the future on the right storing and furnishing of the heart of the child.

Which brings me to the point. There are thousands on thousands of children in London at present who, if they continue to

grow on the same lines as the past, will never be able in the end to "babble of green fields," for the simple reason that they have never seen them. Bricks, stones, mud, with some rueful-looking trees, they are familiar enough with; but a spacious upland, a smiling valley, a meadow with cattle standing knee-deep in the clover, they have never seen. By the grace and kindness of the Fresh Air Fund and similar merciful organisations, much of this sad ignorance of the London slum-child has of later years been mitigated; but there is a class—and perhaps the most needful—among which there are still too many whose knowledge of green fields is but like our knowledge of Eden—beautiful pictures known only by report. I am speaking, of course, of the poor, crippled children of London.

Difficulties of the Crippled Ones

There are two difficulties in the way of their getting their share in the benefactions which lead countrywards; there is their frailty, and there is the limited staff of those capable of carefully transporting them. They cannot rush to the trains with the festive eagerness of the healthy and strong; their weakness calls for careful handling. This makes the late autumn one of the best times for getting them away for a fortnight into the country. The staff is not so rushed then, and holiday crowds are not so common.

May I be permitted to appeal on behalf of these sickly wee mites? The joy of others makes a pensive sadness to them; to be told of the wonders of the country by the children who have been there in the high summer, but with little hope of their ever seeing green fields themselves—this is hard! There is time yet before the end of the year for something to be done for these. Ten shillings takes a cripple to the country or seaside for a fortnight, and what memories are stored up by such a trip—memories bound to influence the whole life, as well as health bestowed in the making of them!

Any contributions, large or small, will be gratefully received by SIR JOHN KIRK, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss May Allsopp, Loughborough, Leicester; Miss D. Avril, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.
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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

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IT is often asserted that the literary cravings of the masses are satisfied by the halfpenny newspaper and the sensational novel. It would be interesting to know how those who bring this charge reconcile it with the fact that cheap editions of the masterpieces of the world's great writers are published and sold in hundreds of thousands.

Clearly there is a universal demand for first-class literature; and, if evidence be wanted that this demand shows no sign of waning, it is to be found in the issue of a new series, called "Cassell's Little Classics,"* of which we have received the first twenty-five volumes.

The books attract at once by their charming bindings; the text is printed admirably, the type is clear and a pleasure to read. A tasteful book-plate is printed upon the inside of the cover, and a remarkable feature of each volume is the frontispiece—a portrait of the author done in costly and impeccable style. The Introductions are another important feature, the value of which may be gathered from the fact that they are written by such well-known critics as Mr. G. K. Chesterton,

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For the Little Ones

Since its great reformation in June *Little Folks* has been steadily progressing, and the November number is an advance on any of its predecessors, both in stories and pictures. We heartily recommend this magazine to all parents on the look-out for sound reading to give to their children. The absorbing and sterling character of the stories, the high standard of the writing, the excellence of the pictures, and the healthy tone maintained throughout, place *Little Folks* high above all other periodicals for boys and girls.

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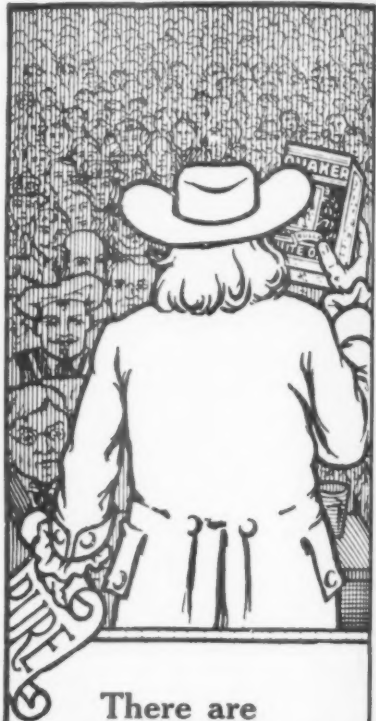
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The Rev. J. G. Stevenson, of Beckenham, a favourite with all children, is to contribute a talk every month to these pages.

PEGGY

By the Rev. J. G. STEVENSON

WHAT say you, children, to a quite true story? Not so very long ago there lived in a house in England two Thomas cats; and the name of the elder thereof was Smike, and the younger was called Squeers. They were both rather nice pussies, and could purr like a motor-car; but, sad to say, Smike—like to certain children—was nearly always dirty. The reason for this was that he never washed himself, which was foolish, and also rather dangerous, and not very nice for boys and girls who kissed him. But he never minded about this, and he lived on, dirty and happy. Squeers was another kind of cat altogether. He licked his paws with a little red tongue, and he washed himself everywhere tongue or damp paws could reach at least once a day.

Good old Squeers! He deserved liver for breakfast and pigeon for tea. At least he would have done but for one thing. To his house there came to live a puppy called Peggy; and, at first, she wished she lived somewhere else, for Squeers treated her rather badly, and encouraged the dirty Smike to do the same. They never scratched her, for even cats know that no real gentleman ever scratches a lady. But they smacked her with heavy velvety paws, and seemed to quite enjoy cuffing her. Peggy bore it very well indeed, though once or twice she told herself how much she wished each of the cats was a kitten again and lived in a house where there were two full-sized nasty dogs who would teach them behaviour. But she never allowed her feelings to get

the better of her; and she even learnt all she could from the two cats. The clean Squeers seemed to her just the person to take for a private tutor; and there was one thing she learnt from him that led me to tell you this story. Dogs do not as a rule wash themselves like cats. But Peggy watched Squeers wash, and she was fascinated by all she saw. Soon she even began clumsily to lick her own paws and to rub her face against them. This rather disgusted the dirty Smike, who was by no means sure he was not being insulted. But it pleased Squeers immensely, and he gave himself extraordinary washes to show how a real wash should be managed. Peggy noticed carefully and copied as closely as possible. Soon it was clear she was getting on, and in a few weeks she was nearly as perfect as Squeers. She just improved splendidly; and I believe—though I am not quite sure—that on the first morning Peggy washed successfully behind her ears they were both so pleased that they went for half a day's outing in the next garden but three, where the rabbits were kept.

Squeers and Smike have since gone where they have no dogs to cuff, but Peggy is still alive, and each day she washes herself as Squeers taught her. This seems to me quite splendid; and surely all who read this tale can see quite a splendid moral. In this world there are three kinds of children—those, like Smike, who never really wash properly; those who wash just enough for you to see they have only half done it; and those who wash, like Squeers, with a real,

THE QUIVER

right-down magnificent out-and-out clean-everywhere kind of wash. Which do you imitate? Peggy might have copied Smike, and gone dirty all the days of her life. But, instead, she set herself to imitate that extraordinarily clean pussy and king of perfect washers called Squeers. So, to-day, she is superior to other dogs in that, first, she washes herself all over scientifically, and, second, she washes well. Who is going to be beaten by a dog called Peggy? Some children are being beaten by her already—

those who have high-water marks, whose nails are nearly always in half mourning, and who look as though they have kissed coal and been kissed back. Try and be different from these. God created water, and He helped men to make soap so that all children should be as clean as possible; and when they are really out-and-out clean He is pleased, for they are making His beautiful world a brighter and a nicer place to live in. So let us all learn to wash at least as well as Peggy, and let us try always to be clean.



AMONG THE PINES

By EMILY HUNTLEY

THE sleeping time of the year has come. In the woodlands the oaks, and beeches, and elms are sleeping, and sap has ceased to flow. The life of the tree has withdrawn itself from air and sunlight into the silent places of its own being.

Yet there are hills still clothed in living green, there are woodlands where no leaf has fallen since the long past spring-time; the pines and firs will stand patient and firm, each with its sombre green mantle closely folded round it, through all the winter days. What should we do without the ever-greens which make all the land beautiful in winter-time?

The pines are the aristocrats of the tree world. Other trees may change their habits with changing climate or season; the pines still keep the customs of the ancient world.

In days of scarcity

the thrifty oaks and beeches may be content to stand naked and bare to the world; the stately pines wear a garment of texture so fine, and pattern so plain, that no changing circumstances make a

new coat necessary. Look at those needle-like leaves; see how closely they are bound in pairs to the branches. No storm can tear those, neither can snow find a surface there to break with its weight.

In spring the "vulgar" trees will hasten to deck themselves in showy garments of tender pink, and vivid green; but only those who have the seeing eye will note where the fresh green bursts on the dark pine branches, and only a few will see when the "needles" fall to make a fresh covering for the pine forest floor. Yet the sombre garment of the pine tree is never without its ornaments. In the



(Photo: Moll and Ridley, Bournemouth.)

A WALK THROUGH THE PINES.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

springtime there is the new soft brown of the clustered catkins bearing showers of pollen which will wrap the woods in a golden haze when the breeze blows softly. Have you ever seen the catkins of the pine? If you walk through the woods next June, your feet will sink in a covering of little brown scaly rolls which the wind will blow into heaps by the pine trunks. These are the catkins which have done their work. But far above your heads, if you look carefully, you will see little crimson tips like jewels on a quiet dress. Those are the baby cones which have caught the precious pollen which wakes the hidden seeds to life. All through the summer days the cones will grow bigger, and the baby seeds clinging to the little scales will ripen. But the pines will be in no hurry to cast their children out into the world. Other trees might be content to scatter their seeds after one short summer of preparation; the nobler race of pines will take time. Their children must be fitted to live out a noble heritage and do credit to the customs of their ancestors. And so, for two or three, or even four years, they will live in the brown cone cradle, and learn how to endure days of sun or storm. Then the close scales will open, and each little seed will say "good-bye" to the twin-brother it has lived with so long, and sail away on its single wing to live its own life in the world. We wonder, do the days seem dark as the little seed lies in its lowly bed? Does it long again to see the sunlight and rock in its cone cradle far on high? Or does there wake some feeling that in its *own* life there are powers which

will some day lift it on high once more? How many summers and winters it will have to stretch and struggle towards the light before its trunk will grow straight and tall, and it will hear the music of the wind in its branches!

The life of the pine tree is not selfish. In every twig it has stored up hidden fire, and all through the winter days the dry pine branches will crackle in cheerful fires. In lands far away woodsmen will sit at night round the blazing pine logs, and tell each other of the homeland where the oaks and beeches grow. All the year long, ships are sailing the sea laden with pine wood from the forests of the Northland, and that wood makes our tables and desks, and even the matches that light our fires. The pine has a gift for the children, too. Cones are pretty things, and the pine-wood floor is covered with them; so the laughter of children, filling their baskets and barrows with cones, often rings through the silent woods, and rings, too, round the fireside at home, where the cones crackle merrily in the blaze.

But when the great pine tree's life is ended, it will give itself, the noblest gift of all. Some day the woodman will mark out the straightest trunk in the wood, then the sound of the axe will ring, and the great tree will lie low. But when the glory of green mantle and branch and living cone is all gone, the long, straight trunk will remain. And because it grew straight for the sunlight, without turn or twist, it will make the mast for a noble ship to carry men from land to land.



THE HOME OF THE KING

By HAROLD MURRAY

THE other day I went to see the home of the King at Sandringham. Perhaps you have often wondered what it is really like. Well, the best thing and most important thing about it is that it *is* a home—a real, English home, without any of that terrible stiffness and solemnity of Buckingham Palace which always make one feel, "Oh, how glad the King and Queen must be when they get away from it!"

If ever you are staying at Hunstanton for the holidays, and run over to Sandringham, you will soon understand why the King loves his home there so much. It is just because there is no stiffness and formality and State ceremonial, and he can here forget his crown, so to speak, and move about among his tenants like any ordinary country squire. "Bless you, we don't make any more fuss on him than if he were any other



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

gentleman," said an old woman to me when I asked her about the King and Queen. "And as for her Majesty, why, she loves to do little jobs on the farm, and I've seen her go across the fields more'n once dressed as a dairymaid!"

Of course, Sandringham House is a very big building. It was bought by the King, when he was Prince of Wales, for £220,000. It looks very new and very beautiful, with gardens all round it in which the King and Queen take just as much pride and interest as you may do in your little plots. One of the most delightful gardens I have ever seen is the Queen's wild-flower garden, and in her Majesty's kitchen garden you can count scores of different varieties of old-fashioned flowers.

When I was at Sandringham I heard many stories of the goodness of the King and Queen to the old folk who live near their home. In one cottage the Queen has helped an old lady in the knitting of a stocking. In another she has sat by the bedside of a sick labourer. One morning her Majesty saw an old woman, burdened with a loaf of bread under one arm and with a cabbage and a bundle of sticks under the other, trying to get over a stile. "You can't get over with those things in your hands," said the Queen. "Let me help you." And there was the first lady

in the land holding the cabbage and the loaf while the old lady got over in safety!

The first thing I saw, when I got to Sandringham, was the pretty little church where many Kings and Queens have worshipped. Inside the church you can see things which remind you that royal people have to bear troubles just the same as you or I. There is, for instance, a beautiful brass lectern, with these words on it: "To the glory of God. A thank-offering for His mercy. December 4, 1871. Alexandra. 'When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me.'" Our Queen had that put there in memory of those sad December days when the Prince of Wales lay on what was thought to be his dying bed, and when Victoria the Good hastened to Sandringham to help to nurse her son.

There are many other very interesting things to be seen at Sandringham, including the Queen's model dairy, where dairy work is carried on under perfect conditions. One thing that interested me very much was to hear that all the clocks in the house, stables, and kennels, and even the church, are kept exactly half an hour fast! This is a curious fancy of the King and I suppose it means that everybody on the premises is always punctual.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,

In my schooldays, when we wanted to say that anything was very nice, we used, I remember, to say it was "perfectly delicious." Do you think I may be allowed to use that bit of slang about the arrival of the first batch of letters from you? It was really delightful to have such a number of coupons filled in. The one disappointment was that every one of you had not sent a letter at the same time. You see, I want to get to know all of you as far as possible, and letters will help me very much; besides, I want to quote from some of them here, so that the pages may be a link in the chain of friendship between us. So when you send in the coupons do try to send a letter with them. Perhaps those who sent in in September without a letter will write when they have time. You can never send me too many letters. We shall all love to know what each one is doing at work, at school, or at play.

You will have received your certificates long ago. How do you like them?

By the way, will you put your full Christian names on the coupons? I have one

in my hand which has only "F." before the surname, so I don't know if this Companion is a boy or girl. But one thing I do know, *F. Toon*, and that is something about the district in which you live. Do you know Coates Hall, near Stone? One of the loveliest holidays I ever had as a child was spent there, with my father, mother, and brothers. It was a school for boys then, but they were all away when we went. We used to find such beautiful ferns there in the fields and lanes; the Hart's-tongue, I remember, was quite common, and grew all over the pathway in places. Is it growing there like that now? Will you not write and tell me about it as it is to-day?

There was not much time, *Marguerite Brierley*, for me to get a letter to you while you were at your grandmamma's, but I hope it arrived before you left. I am so glad she is interested in our "Corner." Is Blackpool a nice place to live in?

Thank you, *Madge Ward*, for your kind promise of more letters soon; I am looking forward with pleasure. I feel sure that we shall have the success that you hope for



"The Quiver" HOW, WHEN & WHERE CORNER.



THIS is to Certify that

has been enrolled as a Companion of "The Quiver" How, When and Where Corner.

Signed *Alison*

We will meet each other in "The Quiver" every month.

THE "CORNER" COMPANION'S CERTIFICATE (REDUCED IN SIZE)

THE QUIVER

in our "Corner." The longest letter of all is from *Winifred Topliss*. You are not a bit too old to be a Companion, Winnie. The same post that brought your letter brought me a coupon from *Adeline Pearson*, who is seventeen. I hope you big people will help in lots of ways by-and-by. It was nice to have your letter, Winnie, and to hear all about your interesting holiday trips. I have heard lots about Weston-super-Mare, but have never been there. You must have been interested in the Cabot Tower, in Bristol. Was there anything like the excitement when Sebastian Cabot sailed westward from Bristol, I wonder, that there was in England and France when Latham set out to fly across the Channel? You are very fortunate in going to such a good school; it has a fine reputation. You and the present girls have something to live up to. I hope your sister will pass her matriculation this time. Did you get my letter?

In sorting the coupons I find we have already members in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in England. I hope they will write us some long letters soon. *William Allison Latham* is our Dublin member; we should like to hear from him before long. So far, our oldest Companion is seventeen years of age, and the youngest, *Mona Spence* and *Winifred Marten*, are nine. Next month, perhaps, we shall beat this record.

Do you not think it would be pleasant if we could have photographs of some Companions in these pages? Would some of you like to send pictures to me?

Competitions

Let me tell you about the November and December competitions. I am announcing the December one now, so that you will have more time to think about it than if it were announced in the December QUIVER, and also so that there may be a chance for readers who do not get the magazine very early.

By January 1st I want those of you who are poetical—and lots of you are, I am quite sure—to send me the nicest verses you can write on "Winter." There is no rule as to metre or number of the verses, but the lines must be original. This is for boys and girls over fourteen. Those who are under that age may try the poetry if they

like, or they may write the best letter they are capable of on "How I Spent Christmas Day." The letter should be addressed to me, and should not contain more than three hundred words. There will be beautiful book prizes in both sections, and I hope there will be a great many competitors.

Now for November. We are almost at the end of the year, you see, and everyone of us, on looking back, remembers some of its days especially; they were the Red-letter Days, as we say. Just think which was the most memorably happy day of the year to you, and write to tell me the How, When and Where of it—all about it, in fact. You can get a good account of such a day in from four to five hundred words or less, if you think carefully. Even the very youngest can try this competition, and prizes will be given to the best letter from those over fourteen, and for those who are not yet so old. You won't forget that neatness and nice writing count for much in these competitions, will you? And there are two rules to be observed:

1. All envelopes must be marked across the top left-hand corner with the word "Competition."

2. Each letter or poem must bear the name, age, and address of the competitor.

I am hoping to receive a great pile of envelopes, and I have not a doubt that they will contain many beautiful letters and some dainty verses. I believe that nearly all boys and girls love poetry, and often attempt to write it, though perhaps they do not let others know. The last day for receiving the November competition letters, please remember, is December 7th. You will be able, therefore, to get them written before the excitement of the "breaking up" comes.

I do want a lot of the pages in my Companions' Register to be filled up quickly. Do not let me be disappointed.

With greetings to each and all,
Believe me to be,

Your friend,

Alison.

The Matchless Restorer of Slenderness.

Young, yet Fat.

How dreadful it is for a lady not yet thirty to find herself putting on flesh every day! At thirty a woman should be at her best; but when symptoms of obesity unexpectedly develop she is in danger of losing not only beauty of figure, but the charms of perfect contour of face and a radiant complexion. When this tendency to get rapidly fatter first asserts itself there should be no delay in procuring a bottle of Antipon from the chemist or stores. Perhaps that single bottle will do all that is necessary without further treatment. It has certainly done so in hundreds of cases.

Secret of Antipon.

The reason of the supremacy of Antipon as a cure for obesity is that it roots out of the system the tendency to excessive fat-development, whether just recent or long neglected. At the same time, it quickly banishes the unwholesome and superfluous deposits which are the cause of loss of both beauty and health.

Lasting Youth.

A lady or gentleman who has taken a bottle or two of Antipon, and recovered normal weight, is no longer liable to grow too fat; and the perfect figure is preserved without continuing the treatment, pleasant though it be. Antipon is the most wonderful restorer of youthful slenderness and supple grace ever discovered.

The Diet Question.

Do not for a moment longer persist in the belief that stoutness can be cured by depriving the body of nourishment. It is true that partial starvation will thin any one down through sheer weakness, but that is no cure for the disease of obesity. The speedy decrease of weight from any cause requires that the state of the system should be kept up to "concert pitch," so to say—not starved and drugged and sweated into a condition of extreme debility.

Antipon and Nutrition.

The Antipon treatment presupposes a good appetite. If there is anything wrong with the digestive organs Antipon will soon remedy matters. It is a tonic of the highest order—one that has earned the sincerest praise of thousands. It gives a keen edge to the appetite, and promotes digestion and assists nutrition. This should always be borne in mind. As Antipon has the unique virtue of eradicating the tendency to run to fat, the wholesome food enjoyed, whether during or after the reducing treatment, cannot retard the cure, nor cause any recurrence of the obese condition.

The Muscles and Limbs.

This thorough nourishment of the body is essential to proper muscular development. When the muscles are flabby with too much fat, shapeliness of limb and beauty of contour are out of the question. Antipon, by removing the excess fat from all parts, and helping in the speedy making of new muscular fibre (through the enrichment of the blood from wholesome, well-assimilated food), soon puts new beauty into the limbs and strength and firmness into all parts of the frame. The improvement is wonderful; every movement is easy and graceful, the step elastic, and poise of body perfect.

Reduction of Weight.

The reduction is in every case a certainty. Much depends, however, on the degree of obesity. There is a decrease varying between 8 oz. and 3 lb. within a day and a night of the first dose. In cases of extreme obesity the reduction may exceed the latter figure. With every day's diminution of weight there is an increase of strength, buoyancy, and bodily comfort, and as soon as the subject is satisfied that the reduction is sufficient, the doses may cease for good—the cure is complete.

A Vital Matter.

Stout persons too often ignore the fact that their condition is one of great danger, on account of the internal fatty deposits which impregnate and surround the vital organs, thus interfering with the very mainspring of life and health. The heart, liver, kidneys, and lungs are often all more or less affected, and a little extra physical effort is often productive of very distressing results.

That Antipon effectually removes the excess fat, leaving the organs free to perform their allotted functions in the natural way, is, of course, of priceless benefit to the general health.

Conclusion.

To be slender, well-formed, strong, and healthy is possible to all stout people who will give Antipon the single bottle trial it deserves. That quantity is, in any case, ample to prove its immense value, both as a fat-reducer and a tonic. Antipon contains none but pure and quite harmless vegetable substances in solution; is very pleasant to the palate, appetising and refreshing; and has no discomforting after-effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Health. Strength.
Beauty &
Grace.

Antipon
permanently
restores
Slenderness
with
Perfect
Proportions.



NEW 'FULL COMPASS' 'COMBINATION AUTOPIANOS'

Think what it means to you

to have a lifelong friend and companion that brings harmony into your daily life, that cheers you up when strife, duty, and cares weigh upon you, and that responds to your subtle feelings and wishes. Such a highly esteemed companion is to be found in the "Kastner"

AUTOPIANO

which is ever ready to provide the most delightful hours for yourself, family, and friends. There is nothing so charming and elevating as perfect music,



Patent Self-Acting
Music Guide.

which you yourself can now produce by the "Full Compass" Kastner "Autopianos," which, owing to the patent and exclusive Self-Acting Music Guide, are the only instruments that are perfect, and remain so. Every note of the key-board is now played pneumatically; absolutely true and most complete rolls, arranged as written by the composer; no rearrangement, no discords, no leakage, no harshness of sound, no mechanical accenting devices, no electrical appliances, no heavy tempo-lever or pointer, no flabby stroke—but individual "Soloist" device, patent flexible fingers, patent Reliance Motor, patent Convex and Combination Trackerboard, metal tubes, etc. Enormous Music-roll Library, 65 note and full compass. The twenty models of the "Autopiano" can also be played by hand, and represent as ordinary pianos the most modern and artistic instruments, guaranteed for 10 years. For your

protection insist upon seeing the names "Autopiano" and "Kastner" on the fallboard.

If you have an ordinary piano or other instruments which you rarely use, why not exchange the same for a "Kastner Autopiano," which costs you little more and yields endless pleasure?

Kindly call to hear the "Autopiano," or write for "Full Compass" Catalogue 3. Special facilities for customers unable to visit us.

KASTNER & CO., Ltd.,

34, 35, & 36, MARGARET ST. (Cavendish Sq. Corner), LONDON, W.

(Second turning on left going from Oxford Circus towards Queen's Hall)

Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

NOVEMBER 7th. PAUL A PRISONER— THE SHIPWRECK

Acts xxvii. 27—xxviii. 10

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Paul's faith and assurance. (2) How his faith was justified. (3) The incident of the viper and its effect on the people. (4) Paul the healer.

The Master's Business

NO one can read the wonderful story of the Apostle Paul without realising how eagerly he pursued his Master's business. On sea or land, in storm or in calm, with a few men or in a large company, it was always the same—ever on the look out for souls. He had the missionary spirit, if ever man had.

Something of the same spirit animated the Rev. E. P. Scott, who, while labouring as a missionary in India, saw in the street one of the strangest-looking heathen his eyes had ever beheld. On inquiry he found that he was a representative of one of the inland tribes, living in the mountain districts, who, for the purposes of trade, occasionally came down from their remote fastnesses. He learned also, upon further investigation, that the Gospel had never been preached to these people, and that it was very hazardous to venture among them because of their murderous propensities. Stirred with earnest desire to make known to these neglected tribes the message of salvation, and after asking divine direction, he packed a few belongings into a bag, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and set off in the direction of the Macedonian cry. As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell, they said, "We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go." But he simply replied, "I must preach Jesus to them."

After travelling for two days without meeting anyone, Mr. Scott found himself suddenly surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. Expecting that every minute might be his last, Mr. Scott drew forth his violin, and with closed eyes began to sing and play:

"All hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

Being afraid to open his eyes, he sang a few verses, and while singing the stanza—

"Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all,"

he opened his eyes to see what the wild savages were going to do. To his surprise, the spears had dropped from their hands and big tears were rolling down their cheeks.

These men afterwards invited Mr. Scott to their homes, and for two and a half years he laboured amongst them. At last failing health compelled him to return to his own country, and as the missionary took his departure the people followed him for thirty miles.

"Oh, missionary," they said, "come back to us again! There are tribes beyond that never heard the Gospel."

Later on Mr. Scott returned to them, faithfully preaching the Gospel till his Lord called him home. That is the enthusiasm that achieves great things.

NOVEMBER 14th. PAUL A PRISONER— IN ROME

Acts xxviii. 11-31

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Paul preaching to the Jews. (2) The effect on those who listened to him. (3) The apostle's house the centre of an active propaganda.

The Two Classes—Believers and Unbelievers

THE experience of the Apostle Paul, when he preached about Jesus Christ to the Jews at Rome, was similar to that of every other messenger of the Gospel, before and since. Some believed; others refused to believe.

"In my college life," said Dr. Pierson at a recent meeting, "there were two young men who were mightily moved by the Spirit of God on the same night. They walked down to the chaplain's house, intending to go in and converse with him, and then in prayer to surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. When they got to the gate, one said to the other, 'Jim, I think I won't go in,' and he resisted all persuasions, and parted at the gate.

"The man that went in and surrendered to Christ that night is one of the mightiest ministers of Christ in America to-day. The one that parted with him at the gate went into drink, into gambling and sensuality, went down to Cuba, and was identified there with some rebellion, when he was

THE QUIVER

shot, and died in the midst of his sins. They parted for eternity at the gateway of the chaplain's house, and each man's future depended on the decision made at that moment."

An Opportunity Lost

The seeker after souls never lets slip an opportunity. Paul was ever alive to the necessity of winning men. "My husband was greatly impressed by the service last night," said a lady one day to a Christian worker, "and said that he would come down to your office and see you this morning. Did he come?" "Yes," replied the gentleman addressed. "And what did he say?" "Why, he just asked the price of brass, and talked around a little." "Oh," said the wife, "that was just an excuse for coming; but what did you say?" "I am sorry to say that all I talked about was brass, too."

What a wasted opportunity, and what a lesson to the soul-winner to be always on the look out for every chance of pressing home the necessity of salvation! No wonder the gentleman added, "That was a lesson to me which I can never forget."

NOVEMBER 21st. PAUL'S STORY OF HIS LIFE

2 Corinthians xi. 21-xii. 10

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Paul's sufferings in the service of Christ. (2) The "thorn in the flesh" and its purpose. (3) The all-sufficient grace.

Always Rejoicing

PAUL's advice to Christians is to "Rejoice always," and his own life was a typical example of the happy, trusting believer. The apostle suffered more than most men, but he was never grumbling or discontented. The unhappy Christian is a poor recommendation of Christianity. It is better to be like the herd-boy who, according to a German story, was always joyous, and who sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out on a hunting expedition, spoke to him and said, "Why are you so happy, dear little one?" "Why should I

not be?" he said. "Our king is not richer than I." "Indeed," said the king; "tell me of your great possessions." The lad answered, "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain, and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take all the money in the world for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones on earth; I have food and clothing, too. Am I not therefore as rich as the king?" "You are right," said the king, with a laugh, "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy."

NOVEMBER 28th. WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY

Romans xiv. 10-21

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The responsibility of each individual. (2) The love of safety.

A Safe Guide

A SENTENCE taken from one of Mrs. Wesley's letters to John Wesley when he was at college is worth remembering when we think of what path to follow under temptation: "Would you judge of the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of a pleasure, take this rule—Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind—that thing, to you, is sin."

A few years ago, Dr. Lorenz, the great Austrian surgeon, visited America, and at a banquet given in his honour in New York City he made some remarks which deserve to be pondered by all who think that they can safely tamper with strong drink. This is what he said: "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brains being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers, which I must keep always on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink."



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Health Without Medicine

The unprecedented interest which is being evinced by invalids of both sexes, as well as by members of the medical profession, in the work of Mr. Eugen Sandow at his Institute of Curative Physical Culture at 32a, St. James's Street, London, S.W., and by correspondence with sufferers in all parts of Great Britain, the Colonies, and abroad, has led to the preparation of this special article for THE QUIVER.

There are so many people afflicted with illness or delicacy who have heard of the wonderful successes achieved by Mr. Eugen Sandow in the cure of illness without drugs or irksome diet restrictions, and who will be pleased to learn something definite about his methods in order that they may decide whether a course of Curative Physical Culture would be advisable in their own cases, that we feel sure this article will be much appreciated by reason of its great importance.

UPON all sides one hears of benefits received by people, both young and old, of either sex, and in all classes of life, from the "Sandow Treatment." There has not often before been any subject which has received so much attention as that paid during recent times by the Press to the work of Mr. Sandow and the band of physical culture experts which he has gathered around him at that wonderful establishment, the Sandow Institute, situated in St. James's Street, London, S.W.

It must have been a surprise to many people that any one man could have made so great an impression upon his time as that created by Eugen Sandow, and yet it is the opinion of those best calculated to form an authoritative judgment that Mr. Sandow's work in curing illness without medicine is as yet comparatively in its infancy.

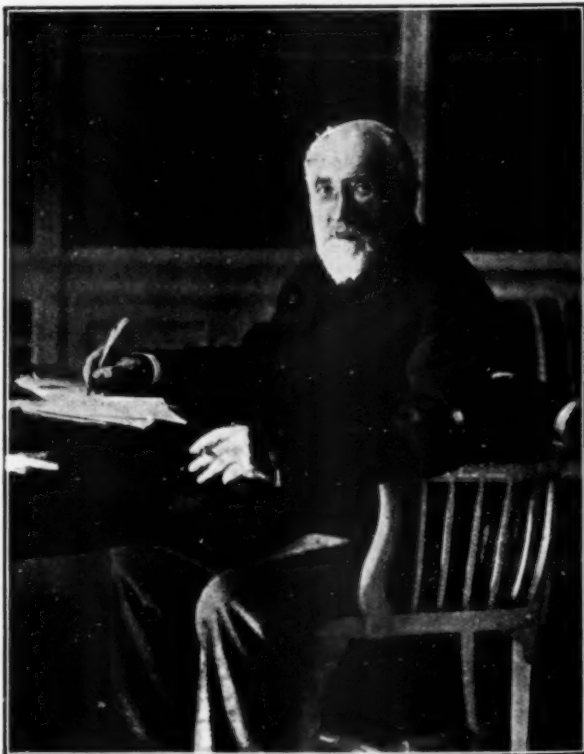
From this we do not mean to convey that his methods are undeveloped, or that his system is in any sense in an experimental stage, for it has long since passed beyond the period of experiments.

To-day Curative Physical Culture is an exact science. More exact than any other form of treatment of illness.

Most specialised forms of treatment have become famous for the cure of one class of trouble in particular, but Curative Physical Culture has been aptly described as "The Antidote for all Forms of Functional Disorder." That is to say, it is equally successful in the cure of almost every illness which

arises from the disturbance of the natural healthy functions of the body. Thus it is that chest complaints, digestive troubles, uric acid complications, weakness of the heart's action and circulatory disorders, as well as the hundred and one ailments which arise from nervous weakness and breakdown, are equally amenable to the Scientific Exercise Cure.

The men or women who were veritable wrecks, whose digestive organs refused to



Photo

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

[Half Tones, Ltd.]

A recent portrait of the well-known proprietor of *Truth*, which newspaper, after a careful investigation, says that 99 out of 100 people who take the Sandow Treatment are substantially benefited, and 94 out of 100 entirely cured.

THE QUIVER

perform their duties, whose nervous weaknesses beggared description, whose appetites were nil, whose night watches were made miserable by lack of sleep, and who were reduced to a perpetual nightmare of depression, who are to-day healthy and strong, hearty eaters, sound sleepers, thorough enjoyers of life, as a result of the adoption of the advice given by Eugen Sandow may be numbered in thousands. Let us then inquire for a moment into the ways and means by which all this has been brought about. There is still an idea abroad that Curative Physical Culture involves violent or protracted exercise. No greater fallacy could be. Take the instance of the man or woman whose nervous and digestive systems are both in a bad state, and see what the treatment means in such a case. The exercises, which are not arranged upon any set rule, but are chosen by Mr. Sandow to meet the requirements of each patient's individual case, are carried out in complete privacy either at the Sandow Institute or in the patient's own home. They have a double effect and intention, and are skilfully and scientifically designed, not only to strengthen weak organs, and to build up



MEDICAL INTEREST IN THE MEDICINELESS CURE.
An important gathering of medical men to study Mr. Sandow's method of curing illness without medicine. The great exponent of curative physical culture is seen lecturing upon the subject, illustrating his remarks with a living model.

the fabric of the body as a whole, but concurrently they encourage concentration of the mind and the building up of the will power. In this latter point Mr. Sandow places great importance. In every instance the exercises are carefully graduated to exactly accord with the strength and condition of the patient, and there is no possibility of a strain. How carefully Mr. Sandow regulates this to the requirements of the most delicate men, women, and children may be gathered from the interesting fact that medical men are regularly sending *heart* cases to him for his treatment. Indeed, physical exercise as conducted by Mr. Sandow is rapidly becoming recognised as the safest and surest method in which not only the more frequently met with digestive, nervous, and functional disorders can be remedied, but even the most delicate and vital organ, the heart, may be restored to health and a normal condition when it has become weak, dilated, or fatty.

In the cases of delicate children Mr. Sandow's system works wonders. Anæmic girls, weedy boys, girls who have developed curvature of the spine, can all be built up



AN IDEAL FULLY DEVELOPED FIGURE.
A woman who is inclined to a full figure, or even to actual obesity, can obtain the graceful lines of this subject.



IN FAR NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. Sandow explaining to the Governor-General and officers commanding his system for physical improvement in the Army.



ASIATIC INTEREST.

The Thoughtful Chinaman takes the greatest interest in the announcements of Mr. Sandow's work in the Land of the Pigtail.



ATYPICAL "SANDOW GIRL" FIGURE.

There are few who whose figures cannot permanently benefit a course of Sandow's treatment.

HEALTH WITHOUT MEDICINE

a few months into sturdy children, of whom their parents may be proud, and who will themselves start on the road of life with a hundredfold greater advantage than would have been the case without Mr. Sandow's help.

To the man who has led a strenuous life, either at home or in one of the services abroad, and who at the age of forty-five or fifty naturally looks forward to a healthy middle age, but finds, as so many do, that his vigour is distinctly on the wane, that the trials to which he has subjected his system in either work or pleasure are now beginning to have a marked effect upon his health and strength, Mr. Sandow and his science are invaluable. The class to which we allude in particular includes the retired military or naval officer, the members of civil and diplomatic services, as well as the successful business or professional man whose living has been good, and whose occupation has been such as to preclude him from following those healthy pursuits which would have done much to prevent the wear and tear to which his digestive and nervous systems have of necessity been subjected. There is no other way in which youth may be so surely and pleasantly maintained or renewed. A large proportion of Mr. Sandow's patients are men and women between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five, while many elderly people, right up to eighty and eighty-five years of age, have found that there is no reason why good health and a considerable measure of vigour should not be attained right up to the close of life as the result of a gentle course of Curative Physical Culture.

Mr. Sandow never suggests that scientific exercise is a cure-all, but the field of its service for Health is so wide that one cannot attempt in a short article to cover even a small part of the range of illnesses with which Mr. Sandow is daily dealing.

Whatever may be the trouble suffered, it is certainly worth a patient's while to pay a visit to St. James's Street and have a

personal interview with Mr. Sandow, or to write him fully about the complaint. There need be no hesitation on an inquirer's behalf to take advantage of Mr. Sandow's invitation to consult him without involving any fee or obligation to subsequently take treatment. Mr. Sandow is always pleased to consider a visitor's case and to give a candid opinion as to whether it is suitable for exercise treatment.

Mr. Sandow proudly lays claim to the fact that under his method a greater pro-



MR. EUGEN SANDOW.

From an excellent photograph by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

portion of cures is brought about than by any other known treatment of illness. Some while back *Truth* Newspaper organised a searching investigation into the records of cases which had been treated by Mr. Sandow, with the result that it was discovered that the phenomenal percentage of 99 cases out of every 100 accepted for treatment had received substantial benefit, and that 94 in every 100 had entirely achieved the object for which Mr. Sandow had been consulted. These figures are in themselves remarkable, but assume an even greater importance when one realises that the patients were in many cases those whose illnesses were of a serious and even

THE QUIVER

perform their duties, whose nervous weaknesses beggared description, whose appetites were nil, whose night watches were made miserable by lack of sleep, and who were reduced to a perpetual nightmare of depression, who are to-day healthy and strong, hearty eaters, sound sleepers, thorough enjoyers of life, as a

result of the adoption of the advice given by Eugen Sandow may be numbered in thousands. Let us then inquire for a moment into the ways and means by which all this has been brought about. There is still an idea abroad that Curative Physical Culture involves violent or protracted exercise. No greater fallacy could be. Take the instance of the man or woman whose nervous and digestive systems are both in a bad state, and see what the treatment means in such a case. The exercises, which are not arranged upon any set rule, but are chosen by Mr. Sandow to meet the requirements of each patient's individual case, are carried out in complete privacy either at the Sandow Institute or in the patient's own home. They have a double effect and intention, and are skilfully and scientifically designed, not only to strengthen weak organs, and to build up



MEDICAL INTEREST IN THE MEDICINELESS CURE.

An important gathering of medical men to study Mr. Sandow's method of curing illness without medicine. The great exponent of curative physical culture is seen lecturing upon the subject, illustrating his remarks with a living model.

the fabric of the body as a whole, but concurrently they encourage concentration of the mind and the building up of the will power. In this latter point Mr. Sandow places great importance.

In every instance the exercises are carefully graduated to exactly accord with the strength and condition of the

patient, and there is no possibility of a strain. How carefully Mr. Sandow regulates this to the requirements of the most delicate men, women, and children may be gathered from the interesting fact that medical men are regularly sending *heart* cases to him for his treatment. Indeed, physical exercise as conducted by Mr. Sandow is rapidly becoming recognised as the safest and surest method in which not only the more frequently met with digestive, nervous, and functional disorders can be remedied, but even that most delicate and vital organ, the heart, may be restored to health and a normal condition when it has become weak, dilated, or fatty.

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in either work or pleasure are now beginning to have a marked effect upon his health and strength, Mr. Sandow and his science are invaluable. The class to which we allude in particular includes the retired military or naval officer, the members of civil and diplomatic services, as well as the successful business or professional man whose living has been good, and whose occupation has been such as to preclude him from following those healthy pursuits which would have done much to prevent the wear and tear to which his digestive and nervous systems have of necessity been subjected. There is no other way in which youth may be so surely and pleasantly maintained or renewed. A large proportion of Mr. Sandow's patients are men and women between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five, while many elderly people, right up to eighty and eighty-five years of age, have found that there is no reason why good health and a considerable measure of vigour should not be attained right up to the close of life as the result of a gentle course of Curative Physical Culture.

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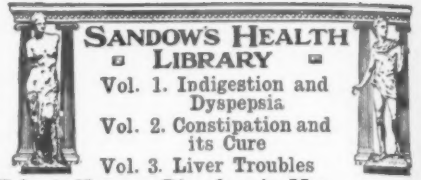
portion of cures is brought about than by any other known treatment of illness. Some while back *Truth* Newspaper organised a searching investigation into the records of cases which had been treated by Mr. Sandow, with the result that it was discovered that the phenomenal percentage of 99 cases out of every 100 accepted for treatment had received substantial benefit, and that 94 in every 100 had entirely achieved the object for which Mr. Sandow had been consulted. These figures are in themselves remarkable, but assume an even greater importance when one realises that the patients were in many cases those whose illnesses were of a serious and even

THE QUIVER

chronic character. By far the larger proportion were sufferers who had, prior to consulting Mr. Sandow, tried almost every other known remedy, and were consequently the most difficult subjects. In order to achieve such astonishing results, it is, of course, clear that Mr. Sandow is not able to accept every case for treatment, though, fortunately, he finds but rare occasions to reject a patient. He confines his attention to such cases in which, from his wide experience, he is convinced that satisfactory improvement and eventual cure will be brought about.

Those who desire to consult Mr. Sandow—imagine they will be many—are invited to either call upon him at 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., or to write him fully, and we might add if the inquirer can be accepted by Mr. Sandow, and decides to take a course of treatment, the fees are upon a moderate fixed schedule quite within the means of the man or woman of modest purse.

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"The Quiver" Application Form

A letter upon your ordinary notepaper will do as well, or for convenience this form may be used. No responsibility or obligation is undertaken in filling in these particulars. Mr. Sandow's opinion upon the suitability of your case for exercise treatment is given without any charge.

Please send me Vol. "Sandow's Health Library."

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My age is.....

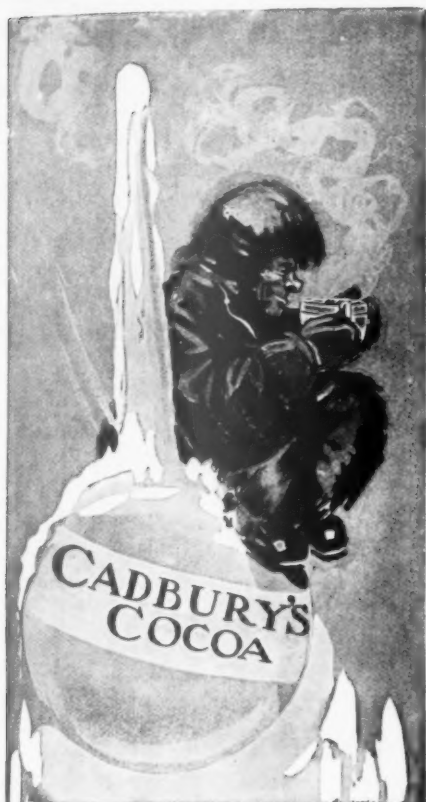
My occupation is.....

Name.....
(Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or Title)

Address.....

Here state any further details which you think necessary for Mr. Sandow to know, in order that he may form an opinion upon the suitability of your case for curative physical culture treatment.

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We have reproduced below certain portions of twelve advertisements of well-known firms, and all you have to do is to fill in on the form below the name of the firm or commodity to which you think each refers.

This Competition is run in conjunction with "Cassell's Magazine," "The Quiver," "Little Folks," "The Story-Teller," and "The New Magazine," and the reproductions are from advertisements in the October issues of these publications.

This is the last set, and the first prize will be awarded for the correct complete list.

In the event of no reader mentioning all the firms or commodities correctly, the first prize will be awarded to the one who has the greatest number right; while should we receive more than one complete set absolutely correct, a further competition will be arranged of six pictures to decide the winner. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Any number of attempts may be sent in, and the sets of pictures may be taken from any of the above-mentioned magazines. That is to say, you can obtain your October set from "The Quiver," November set from "The New Magazine," and so on. All Coupons must be posted so as to reach us not later than Nov. 6th, and the result will be announced in the Christmas Number of "Cassell's Saturday Journal."

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

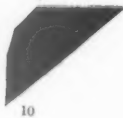
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Information most important to all desirous of strengthening weakened or overworked nerves may be read in an explanatory guide-book published to-day free of charge to the Public.

To any Reader who is living the low-level life of the nerve-weak, the reading of this information may mean the turning-point of his (or her) future health.

Is there anything more true in this world than that behind all weakness and disease there exists that condition known as devitalisation of the nervous system?

Death itself is but the extreme maximum degree of this state.

There is a vast difference, though, between Death and the Life of glowing vitality we call Robust Health.

In addition to the foregoing feelings—none the less real because they point to no actual organic disease—there may be accompanying symptoms of wavering

Descriptive Book of the Electrological Treatment, sent gratis and post free on application) can be applied.

The treatment, too, can be maintained in continuous operation day and night if desired.

Within a very short time you feel a quickening of life and energy within the whole of the body.

Cold and clammy hands and feet become warm and dry. Nervous feverishness and restlessness give way to a comfortable temperature and an abiding sense of nerve-strength and control.

The mental faculties brighten up. The mind sees and grasps clearly and strongly. There is none of that terrifying distortion of the mental vision which besets and browbeats the victim of lack of nervous vitality.

If the Stomach or Bowels be weak in their action, Indigestion and Constipation are quickly overcome by the all-powerful-for-good Electrological Treatment.

There is the

WEAKENED AND EXHAUSTED

NERVOUS SYSTEM.

OUT OF THE FOREGOING ARISE

THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:—

- (1) LACK OF CONTINUOUS ENERGY.
- (2) WEAKENED WILL.
- (3) FAILING MUSCULAR STRENGTH WHEN EXCITED.
- (4) BACKACHE AND PAINS IN OTHER PARTS OF BODY.
- (5) CRIPPLING SENSE OF NO CONFIDENCE IN SELF.

- (6) TREMBLING SENSATION WHEN EXCITED.
- (7) HEART EXCITEMENT AND PALPITATION.
- (8) LACK OF COLOUR IN FACE.
- (9) HOT FLUSHES.
- (10) LIFE UNINTERESTING.
- (11) LACK OF AMBITION.
- (12) FEELINGS OF UTTER HOPELESSNESS.

health and failing strength and efficiency of the vital organs of life.

In the Book of Information here offered Free, Readers may see for themselves the various causes of these conditions. From this low-level state of the vitality a whole host of other troubles arise, seriously affecting the power and efficiency of that organ, or those organs, of the body relatively weaker than the others.

Nothing is to-day exciting more watchful interest from the Medical Profession than the Electrological method of revitalising devitalised nerves. The Free Book goes into this subject most deeply. It shows what unrivalled success is attending the method it describes.

No reader who is struggling along with weakened nervous system should let slip this opportunity of reading the latest Medical (including those of several Royal Physicians) and other opinions upon the new drugless Electrological method of revitalising the nervous system that has become depleted of its natural force or power.

Do not take another dose of any drug medicine until you have read this Free Book.

Especially do not continue to feel hopeless about your condition—the Book will show you that your condition is NOT hopeless—far from it.

If you want once again to rejoice in the possession of strong and steady nerves, send for this Free Book.

The Electrological method is totally unlike any other form of treatment. There are no liquid or solid medicines to take. Nothing is to be swallowed. Nothing, either, is to be rubbed on the body. There are no exhausting bodily exercises. There is no rigidly exclusive dietary. There is no fuss and bother of any kind. In less than one minute the treatment (see the

If the Reader is at present the victim of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, or Sciatica, he (or she) can call no greater health-force to his (or her) aid than the Electrological Treatment described in the Free Book obtainable on request.

A calm and cool consciousness of all-is-right-with-self takes the place of the despairful all-is-wrong-with-me feeling of the nerve-weakened. All the symptoms quoted in the above table disappear like night burglars before the break of day.

The mornings, instead of announcing another day of dread and despair, herald themselves as daily opportunities to be welcomed and made much of. Throughout each day, too, the Reader may experience the benefit of this new drugless way of curing exhausted or weakened nerves by re-infusing them with new power—the only medicine they need. Instead of a gradual or rapid reduction of energy, the Reader may in the Book here offered gratis and post free learn of this method of Electrological Treatment which sustains the strength throughout the day.

Then at night—when the work of the day is done—and done well, too—it will be no dead-tired body and brain that will seek refreshment and recreation.

When the eyes close, there will be no dreams or other disturbances of the recuperative rest of body and brain.

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The Book will be sent gratis and post free on receipt of accompanying coupon, duly filled in (or personal application) to—The Publishers, J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., Ltd., 238, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. (Visitors to the Institute are received between the hours of 10 and 6; Saturdays, 10 to 1.)

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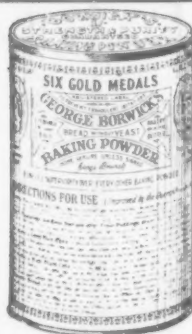
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